

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No. 186. VOL. VIII.

[JANUARY 1, 1849.]
Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.

Amusements.

POMPEII.

PANORAMA of the RUINS of POMPEII. Just Opened, at the Panorama Royal, Leicester Square, a VIEW of the CITY of POMPEII, "the City of the Dead," with the Recent Excavations, the Magnificent Temples, Triumphal Arches, Mount Vesuvius, and all the surrounding classical and beautiful country.—The VIEWS of VIENNA and PARIS, showing the localities where the late political events took place, are also now open.

THE GREAT RUSH of VISITORS

to see BARNARD'S GRAND MOVING PAINTING of the MISSISSIPPI and MISSOURI RIVERS at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, has induced the Proprietor to announce Two Exhibitions every day during the Holidays. This immense Painting is THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, and exhibits more than 3,000 Miles of American Scenery. The Day Exhibitions will commence every day at half-past Two P.M., and in the Evening at half-past Seven. Doors open half an hour before commencing. Admission: Lower Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL CYCLOPEDIA and MUSIC

HALL, Albany Street, a new extensive building, annexed to the Colosseum, OPEN DAILY, with a colossal moving Cyclopaedia, representing Lisbon and Destruction of the City by Earthquake in 1755. Designed and produced under the direction of Mr. W. Bradwell, painted by Messrs. Danson and Son. The views will be illustrated by appropriate Music on the new Grand Apollonicon. Open daily at Two: First representation at Half-past Two; Second ditto at Four. Evening—Open at Seven: First representation at Half-past Seven; Second ditto at Nine. A grand overture will precede each representation. Admission, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; children and schools half-price; family tickets, for four or more, 2s. 6d. each person. May be had at the Music Shops.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1849, commencing at Half-past Seven o'Clock.

LOCAL PERFORMERS.

Miss A. WILLIAMS	Mr. WHITWORTH
Miss M. WILLIAMS	Mr. LEFFLER
Miss RANSFORD	Mr. RANSFORD
Miss POOLE	Mr. T. WILLIAMS
Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON	Mr. SIMS REEVES, and
	Mr. BRAHAM, (the Elder).

In compliance with the suggestions of many of the Subscribers that the opportunity offered by the WEDNESDAY CONCERTS should not be lost, of hearing, in conjunction with Mr. Sims Reeves, the celebrated Mr. BRAHAM;—the Directors have great pleasure in announcing the completion of an engagement with that gentleman for two Evenings' Performances, upon each of which he will sing, among other music, a Duet with Mr. Sims Reeves.

Pianists.—Miss KATY LODER, and Mr. W. H. PALMER, (His first appearance here)

French Horn.—M. VIVIER, (his last appearance but one.) The ORCHESTRA will be upon an extensive scale, and complete in every department.

Leader and Musical Director.—Mr. WILLY. *Accompanists and Composers*.—Messrs. ROCKSTRO and LATENC.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s., Reserved Seats 4s., Stalls 7s., may be had of Mr. STAMMERS, 4, Exeter Hall, and of all Music Sellers.

For PROGRAMME, see *Times*, of Monday, January 1.

Music.

THE THEORY of MUSICAL COMPOSITION COMPLETELY DEVELOPED.

Now ready, small 4to., price 16s. cloth gilt, and Key, 5s., uniform.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

By G. W. ROHNER. "The instructions and examples are very clear; and we would, therefore, cordially recommend the work to the musical feuille of all our melodious friends."—*Literary Gaz.* "The whole has been treated with great care; it is copious, highly scientific—that is, perfectly simple, grammatical; and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one to the most learned books ever written upon the art."—*Jerrild's paper.* "It is well calculated, by its simplicity and clearness, to lead the student to a mastery of the science of music."—*Sunday Times.*

London: LONGMAN and Co.

Education.

A LADY wishes to receive into her Family TWO YOUNG LADIES from seven or eight to twelve years of age, to be educated with her own Daughters, for whom she has a competent Governess. The House is situated in a salubrious, pleasant, and highly respectable neighbourhood, near London. Address, prepaid, L. A., 130, Upper Street, Islington.

New Publications.

ATHANASIA: Or, Four Books on Immortality. To which is appended, "Who will Live for Ever?" an Examination of Luke xx. 36; with Rejoinders to the Rev. E. White, and the Rev. W. Morris. By JOHN HOWARD HINTON, M.A.

London: Houlston and Stoneman, 65, Paternoster Row.

Now ready, a volume of Poetry, demy 18mo., price 5s., **HAREBELL CHIMES: Or, Summer Memories and Musings.** By A. J. SYMINGTON. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

VALUABLE PRESENT adapted for the Season and the Times. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Price 6d. "THE JESUITS," by H. J. ROPER. London: Houlston and Stoneman, and J. Wright, Bristol.

In Imperial 16mo; price 7s. 6d., cloth gilt.

A SECOND EDITION with several NEW BALLADS and Additional ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BOOK of BALLADS: by BON GAULTIER. The Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE and ALFRED CROWQUILL. London: Wm. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner, and 147, Strand.

On the 30th December, 1849, price One Shilling, to be continued monthly,

THE CONFESSIONS of CON. CREGAN, the IRISH GIL BLAS. Illustrated by PHIZ, on wood and steel.

CONTENTS.—A Peep at Con's Father, with some account of his Education—A First Step on Life's Ladder—Peeps at High and Low Life—How he entered Trinity, and how he left it—and other matters too numerous to mention here. London: Wm. S. Orr and Co. Dublin: JAMES M'GLASHAN.

Price 6s., neatly bound in cloth, with Steel Plates, from Sketches by Anna Mary Howitt.

OUR COUSINS IN OHIO. By MARY HOWITT.

DARTON & Co., Holborn Hill.

NEW YEAR'S FAIRY TALE.

In a few days will be published, in One Vol. neatly bound as a Gift Book, price 5s.

THE MAGIC of KINDNESS; or, The Story of the Good Dwarf Huan.

"There is goodness, like wild honey, hid in strange nooks and corners of the world."

By the BROTHERS MAYHEW.

Illustrated with Etchings on Steel, by George Cruikshank. DARTON & Co., Holborn Hill.

Now ready, No. III. of

DARTON'S HOLIDAY LIBRARY; a Series of Shilling Volumes for Boys and Girls, by Mary Howitt, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. S. C. Hall, S. E. Goodrich (the original Peter Parley), and other of the most approved writers of the day; entitled, HOW TO SPEND A WEEK HAPPILY. By Mrs. BURBURY, with Illustrations. London: DARTON and Co. 58, Holborn-hill.

Of whom may be had,

No. I. THE CHILDHOOD of MARY LEESON. By MARY HOWITT.

No. II. TAKE CARE of No. I.; or, Good to Me includes Good to Thee. By S. E. GOODRICH, Esq., (the veritable Peter Parley.)

Every Volume of this Series is new, and has never been published before in any shape.

TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Mr. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.

LUCILLE BELMONT. A Novel. 3 Vols.

II.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY. By the Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," &c. 2 Vols. 21s.

III.

ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY. By J. B. BURKE, Esq., Author of "The Landed Gentry," "The Peerage," &c. 2 Vols. post 8vo.

IV.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN. A NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated from the unpublished Swedish Original. By MARY HOWITT. 1 Vol. 10s. 6d. bound.

V.

MRS. GORE'S NEW NOVEL, "THE DIAMOND AND THE PEARL." 3 Vols.

VI.

ADVENTURES IN BORNEO. Dedicated to his Excellency SIR JAMES BROOKES, K.C.B., Governor of Labuan and Rajah of Sarawak. 1 Vol. 7s. 6d. bound.

COUNT'S POEMS.

Just Published,

CORINDALE: a Poem, in six Cantos, and other Poems, by WILLIAM COUNT, price 5s. post 8vo., cloth lettered.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

The New Volume of Mr. G. P. R. JAMES'S Works, for January, being the Nineteenth, will be

ARABELLA STUART. A Romance, from English History. With a Plate by HENRY ADLARD. 8vo., 8s. cloth, lettered.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.

Just Published, in Two Vols. post 8vo., price 16s.,

PICTURES FROM REVOLUTIONARY PARIS, sketched during the First Phase of the Revolution of 1848. By W. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq., M.A., Author of "Letters from the Danube," "Gisella," &c.

Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

On the FIRST of JANUARY, 1849, Part I. price One Shilling

FRANK FAIRLEIGH; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE of a PRIVATE PUPIL. By the Editor of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE. With Two ENGRAVINGS, by George Cruikshank.

This, though not exactly a work of thrilling interest, or quite calculated to harrow the reader's feelings and plough up the inmost recesses of his soul, yet has its good points, as it is hoped all who love real honest harmless fun will acknowledge when they have read it.

London: ARTHUR HALL & Co. 25, Paternoster Row.

THE FOLLOWING ARE VERY GOOD AND USEFUL BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY-HOUSE.

1. TAYLOR'S BEE KEEPER'S MANUAL, price 4s.
2. DONALDSON'S CULTIVATED PLANTS of the FARM, price 3s. 6d.
3. BLACKLOCK'S TREATISE on SHEEP, price 3s.
4. THE DICTIONARY of FLOWERS, price 2s. 6d.
5. THE DICTIONARY of FRUITS and VEGETABLES, price 2s.
6. THE DICTIONARY of TREES and SHRUBS, price 2s.
7. THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS BOOK, price 1s. 8d.
8. DONALDSON'S LAND STEWARD and FARM BALANCE, price 1s.
9. JONES'S GARDENER'S RECEIPT BOOK, price 2s. 6d.
10. THE HORTICULTURAL ALMANAC, price 6d.

London: Published by Groombridge & Sons, 8, Paternoster Row.

DONCASTER and EPSOM RACES.

DRUMMOND, GREVILLE, and CO.
Sporting Printers and Publishers, 72, Princess Street, Leicester Square, London, have now ready for distribution Proof Impressions before lettering of a **SPLendid ENGRAVING**, 32 inches by 20, of the **DONCASTER RACE COURSE**, at the moment of the coming in for the Great St. Leger Race of September, 1848, beautifully coloured, and exhibiting correct likenesses of the three first horses and their riders, from a plate engraved by that celebrated artist, **Mr. CHARLES HUNT**. Price 21s., or 14s. plain.

To be had of all respectable stationers throughout the kingdom, or direct from the Publishers by forwarding a post-office order for the amount, payable at Charing-cross. Persons desiring the Earliest Copies are requested to make immediate application.

Lettered impressions will be ready for sale on the 1st of January, 1849, and forwarded carriage-free at the small charge of 15s. coloured, or 10s. plain.

The usual allowance to the Trade.
N.B.—Lists of Horses entered for the next Epsom Derby Race, with the names of their Owners and Trainers, forwarded gratis on application.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

for January, 1849, being the First Number of a New Volume, contains, among others, the following Articles: **Barham's Life of Theodore Hook**; **Original Letters of William III. and Louis XIV.**; the **Museum Diocletianum** (with several Engravings); Notes made in Buckinghamshire, 1848; **Ptolemaea**, No. 1. &c. &c. With Review of New Publications, Literary and Scientific Intelligence, Antiquarian Intelligence, Historical Chronicle, and **OBITUARY**, including Memoirs of Ibrahim Pasha, Viscount Melbourne, Rt. Hon. Charles Buller, Bishop Mant, Sir John Barrow, Isaac Jermy, esq., W. H. Miller, esq., and Mr. Charles Heath. Price 2s. 6d.

Nichols and Son, Parliament Street.

A GIFT-BOOK FOR ALL SEASONS.

THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Just published, in One Volume, Foolscape 8vo. price 7s. in cloth; 12s. 6d. in morocco extra.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON, comprising all his Pastoral, Dramatic, Lyrical, and Didactic, Poems, and a few of his Juvenile Productions; with a Life of the Author.

By the Rev. **PATRICK MURDOCH, D. D.**

And Notes. Seven Illustrations from drawings by J. GILBERT, Esq. and Engraved on Steel by W. GREATBACH, Esq. Also, in One Volume, Foolscape 8vo. Fine Paper, price 5s. in cloth; 10s. 6d. in morocco extra.

THE SEASONS, and THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. With Life by the Rev. **PATRICK MURDOCH, D. D.**, and Notes by **NICHOLS**. Five Illustrations from Drawings by J. GILBERT, Esq. and Engraved on Steel by W. GREATBACH, Esq.

London: William Tegg and Co. Cheap-side.

THE COMPREHENSIVE KNITTING BOOK.

Illustrated with numerous Engravings, and three hundred and seventy Receipts.

Oblong 8vo. bound in crimson cloth, price 7s. 6d.; sent free for 8s.

THE COMPREHENSIVE KNITTING BOOK.

By **ESTHER COPLEY**, Author of "Cottage Comforts," "Early Friendships," &c. &c.

* * All the instructions contained in this volume are written from actual working; and many of the patterns, and yet more of the articles described, are entirely original; forming one of the most complete books of this kind yet published.

London: William Tegg and Co. Cheap-side: to be had of all Booksellers and Berlin Wool Warehouses.

Another Permanent Enlargement of the WEEKLY DISPATCH.

THIS JOURNAL will be **ENLARGED** on and after **SUNDAY**, the 7th of **JANUARY**, 1849, to **SIXTEEN PAGES**, containing **SIXTY-FOUR COLUMNS**, of the **SAME SIZE** and **FORM** AS AT PRESENT, **WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE.**

The **DISPATCH** will, therefore, answer the purpose of **FOUR NEWSPAPERS.**

A beautiful New Type has been cast, on which the **DISPATCH** will next year be printed.

An Edition of the **DISPATCH** is published at Five o'Clock every Saturday morning, for transmission by the First Train and Morning Mails, so that persons residing in towns 250 miles from London may receive it the same evening.

An Express Edition of the **DISPATCH** is published every **SUNDAY AFTERNOON**, containing News Direct from Paris and other parts of the Continent up to Eight o'Clock on Saturday evening.

Orders should be given early to **Mr. RICHARD WOOD**, 139, Fleet-street, to whom post-office orders may be made payable, or to any of the News-vendors, in Town and Country.

NEW WORKS OF INTEREST,

Published by **SMITH, ELDER, & Co.**

I.

Now ready, 1 vol., post 8vo., with a Portrait of the Emperor,

AUSTRIA. By **E. P. THOMPSON**, Esq., author of "Life in Russia."

Contents.

The Austrian Empire—State Policy—Statesmen—Education—Religion and Religious Orders—Army—Peasantry—Middle Class—Nobility—Orders and Decorations—Rights of Sovereign and Form of Government—Feudal Obligations—Revenue and Statistics—Social System—Police and Prisons—Vienna and the Viennese—Present Position and Prospects of the Empire.

II.

THE TOWN:

ITS MEMORABLE CHARACTERS AND EVENTS.

(From St. Paul's to St. James's.)

By **LEIGH HUNT.**

2 vols., post 8vo., with 46 illustrations, price 24s. cloth. "Almost the pleasantest of Leigh Hunt's pleasant books; it so enchains the attention that it is difficult to lay it aside."—*Dublin University Mag.*

"A library book, a pocket companion, a work to devour, an admirable and seasonable present."—*New Monthly Mag.* "The book is overflowing with anecdotes of the celebrities of the last two centuries, and contains a world of amusing matter."—*Atlas.*

"Two volumes full of delightful gossip."—*Britannia.*

"A book for all places and all persons."—*Spectator.*

III.

BOOK OF ENGLISH EPITHETS,

LITERAL AND FIGURATIVE.

With Elementary Remarks and minute References to abundant Authorities,

By **JAMES JERMYN.**

1 vol., imperial 8vo., price 9s. cloth. (Now ready.)

IV.

TREVETHLAN:

A CORNISH STORY.

By **WILLIAM DAVY WATSON**, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

"In this story the romance and the reality of life are judiciously blended together. The characters are well drawn and preserved throughout; and the interest never drops. It evinces original talent and much skill in construction, and is a novel of high promise."—*Britannia.*

"A good story, cleverly managed, and told in a manly tone. The characters are clearly and well drawn, and engaged in a natural course of action, very nicely and steadily sustained."—*Examiner.*

London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Now Publishing, an Illustrated Christmas Book, for the Drawing-room Table.

TALES OF THE SEASONS, OR SEASON GIFTS, by **MARY ROBERTS**, Authoress of "Ruins and Old Trees, associated in the memorable Events in English History"; "Conchologist's Companion," &c., illustrated by numerous wood engravings, by the first Artists. Price 2s. bound in cloth, and gilt edges.

Published by Strange, Paternoster-row, and sold by Ackerman and Co., 96, Strand, and all Booksellers.

[EXTRACT.]—This wild and wooded spot is full of studies for the artist. On either side the torrent are mural rocks, which rise precipitously, and assume the most fantastic forms. At one point of view, a lofty eminence is seen towering at least several hundred feet in height, turreted with rugged crags, and richly mantled with copious wood; at another, appears the mimicry of an arched gateway, and again, uprisings from amid innumerable boughs, a seeming castle, old, time-worn, covered with gray and yellow lichens, and recalling thoughts of war, amid the loveliest solitudes of nature. How beautiful the stream, varying in its character! Now concealed from view by the jutting forward of some bold rock, or knarled oak, and again revealed in all the brightness of its onward course; at one time, deep, silent, apparently without motion, dark with shadow, and scarcely to be distinguished from the overhanging rocks; at another, forming small rapids, and rushing on, sparkling, flashing, and sporting round huge masses of stone, tinted with green mosses, and creeping plants; while the lily smiles in its placid beauty, amid the strife of waters, floating upon the surface, or appearing beneath it with even greater brilliancy, as the vivid transparency of the water imparts a higher tone of colour to the plants and pebbles over which it flows.

This is Dove-dale, the Temple of England, that dale of rock and water, where tradition says Isaac Walton used to fish, and which suggested many of his loveliest thoughts and sketches.

Hark to the cuckoo, she is making the valley ring; Walton speaks of that punctual bird, which appears in England about the time of barbel fishing, and here, too, are innumerable birds, answering one the other from out the bushes, while on high, the skylark soars and warbles, and her song comes upon the ear, though the little minstrel is unseen.—Look at the primroses. The banks all up the dale are covered with them. I could almost fancy, that honest Isaac Walton loved them the best of all flowers. Vide "Dove-dale."

MESSRS. DEAN AND SON invite the attention of those engaged in tuition to the following reviews, selected from a large number, recommendation of Miss Corner as an historian for the school room.

"Miss Corner is an excellent historian for the school room."—*Spectator.*

"Miss Corner is concise in matter yet perspicuous in style, delicate in narration, yet accurate in record, comprehensive in reference yet simple in arrangement."—*Deconport Independent.*

"Miss Corner writes intelligibly and fluently, with much easy and winning grace."—*Magazine of Arts and Sciences.*

"The beauty of composition throughout the writings of Miss Corner is singular and fascinating."—*Sun.*

"Miss Corner has acquired a deserved celebrity for the singularly attractive and intelligible manner she has in narrating history."—*Critic.*

CORNER'S ACCURATE HISTORIES, commencing at the earliest periods and continued to the present time, are interspersed with faithful descriptions of the manners, the domestic habits, and condition of the people. In different epochs of their history, and consist of

The Histories of	Bound with the Questions.	Without the Questions.
ENGLAND and WALES; five fine plates, and map	4s. ...	3s. 6d.
IRELAND; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
SCOTLAND; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
FRANCE; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
SPAIN and PORTUGAL; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY: two plates and map	2s. ...	2s. 6d.
GERMANY; including Austria; three fine plates and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
TURKEY and OTTOMAN EMPIRE; three fine plates and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
POLAND and RUSSIA; three fine plates and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
ITALY and SWITZERLAND; three fine plates and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
HOLLAND and BELGIUM; two fine plates and map	2s. ...	2s. 6d.
ROME; third edition, with Questions to each chapter, and a full Chronological Table	3s. 6d.	

A detailed Prospectus of the above Histories, by Miss Corner, may be had for distribution, free, on application.

Just published, with illustrations, price 1s., sewed, or 1s. 6d., bound, the fourth edition of the **PLAY GRAMMAR**, by Miss **CORNER**. Also, by the same author, and at same price, **EVERY CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND**, for the junior classes.

Charles Butler's Guide to Useful Knowledge; an easy Catechism of the most useful information. 1s. 6d., bound in cloth.—Charles Butler's Easy Guide to Geography, and Use of the Globes. Seven maps, 2s., or without the maps and Use of the Globes, 1s. 6d., bound.

London: Dean and Son, 35, Threadneedle-street; and by order of all booksellers.

Just published,

THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT, with all the Forms, a copious Introduction and Index, &c. By **THOMAS WM. SAUNDERS**, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Price 6s. 6d. cloth; 8s. half-bound; 9s. bound; or bound with Saunders's Nuisances Removal Act, price 11s.

"The volume is comprehensive and its contents clearly arranged. A good analysis of the statute is given, together with forms, a full index, and other useful features of a well-compiled work."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"The author has rendered an essential service by this publication. The analysis is ably rendered * * We have never seen an Act more faithfully or more clearly elucidated. It is a comprehensive view of the subject."—*Bath Journal.*

LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

THE GREATEST CURES OF ANY MEDICINE IN THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
A Cure of a Desperate Scorbutic Eruption of long standing.

Extract of a Letter, dated Wolverhampton, the 10th of February, 1847, confirmed by Mr. Simpson, Stationer.

Sir,—Having been wonderfully restored from a state of great suffering, illness, and debility, by the use of your Pills and Ointment, I think it right, for the sake of others, to make my case known to you. For the last two years I was afflicted with violent Scorbutic Eruption, which completely covered my chest, and other parts of my body, causing such violent pain, that I can in truth say, that for months I was not able to get sleep for more than a very short time together. I applied here to all the principal medical men, as also to those in Birmingham, without getting the least relief; at last I was recommended, by Mr. Thomas Simpson, Stationer, Market-place, to try your Pills and Ointment, which I did, and I am happy to say that I may consider myself as thoroughly cured: I can now sleep all the night through, and the pains in my back and limbs have entirely left me. (Signed) **RICHARD HAVELL.**

To Professor Holloway.
Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar), London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

NOTICE.

THE CRITIC is sent Stamped by Post to any Circulating Library keeper in the United Kingdom, at the cost of the Stamp and Paper only: 4s. on pre-payment in Postage Stamps, of 3s. for a Half-year, or 5s. 6d. for a Year.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

To the Public	3
BIOGRAPHY	
Life of W. Collins	3
Life of Theodore Hook	5
Memoirs of Chateaubriand	7
PHILOSOPHY—	
Blakey's History of the Philosophy of the Mind	9
SCIENCE—	
Ethnology, (Second Article)	10
Watson's Eralenta	11
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Tyndall's Highland of Sardinia	11
Terry's Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands	13
Ferguson's Pipe of Repose	13
EDUCATION—	
Kings of England	15
Christmas Eve, or the Story of Little Anton	15
FICTION—	
Watson's Trevelthan	15
Ainsworth's Lancashire Witches	16
Fredrika Bremer's Midnight Sun, translated by Mary Howitt	17
New Edition of the Waverley Novels	18
Thackeray's Pendenis	18
POETRY—	
Montgomery's Christian Life	18
Thomson's Poetical and Dramatic Works, by Murdock	19
RELIGION—	
Eadie's Biblical Cyclopædia	19
MISCELLANEOUS—	
The Town; its Memorable Characters and Events, by Leigh Hunt	19
Esther Copley's Comprehensive Knitting-Book	20
Letts' Diary for 1849	20
PEEPS INTO UNPUBLISHED VOLUMES—	
The Emigrant Family	20
BOOKS RECEIVED	20
MUSIC	20
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	21
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	21
GOSPEL OF THE LITERARY WORLD	22
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	22
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	22
ADVERTISEMENTS	1, 2, 23, 24

THE CRITIC.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE CRITIC, as is well known, has never been a mercantile speculation. It was commenced, now nearly six years since, with the sole purpose of establishing that which, it was asserted, did not previously exist, a thoroughly independent and honest literary journal, to which book-buyers and book-readers might refer, with confidence that they would be truthfully advised, according to the very judgment of the reviewers, what publications in literature, art, and music they might venture to order (as do most people in the provinces) unseen, upon faith of the description given of them, and of the opinion passed upon them, by the literary journalist.

There was also another motive for its establishment. Having no purpose of profit, there was no necessity for its writers to study the passing fashion of the time. They were permitted to give the freest expression to opinion; they were never required to mould their views to the popular tastes; but they were enabled to treat of topics from which their contemporaries shrunk; to promulgate a philosophy alien from the spirit of the age; to oppose the tide of utilitarianism; to remind the public that *faith* was not quite dead—*philosophy* not utterly lost; that there is something more than this material universe, palpable to the senses, which might properly claim a portion of the thoughts and studies of beings composed of *mind* as well as of *body*—who are heirs of an immortality, as well as tenants of time.

For five years and more the writers of THE CRITIC have steadily pursued the design with

which it was begun. Although, as was expected, independence was not the path to pecuniary profit, nor truth-telling to popularity, it has quietly, silently, month by month, and year by year, as its honesty was proved and its principles made their way into men's convictions, advanced in circulation and still more in influence. It has not commanded its hundreds of thousands of readers like the *Mysteries of London*, or the cheap periodicals that pander to an unwholesome desire for excitement, but it has, we believe, firmly fixed itself in the affections of the *better classes* of the community, of the *reading and thinking* men of the time, of the *clergy* especially, and of that great and growing class, which is draughted more and more every year from the rising generation, who hold that the age has carried its materialism to excess, and that it is time to call it back to a loftier pursuit.

A further and scarcely less important object of THE CRITIC has been, and will be, to assist in the lifting up of literature from the prostration into which it has of late so strangely fallen in England, by welcoming *originality* in every shape, and under any guise: by kindly, but firmly, advising incapacity to withdraw from a hopeless struggle, and by indignantly spurning the race of *pretenders* by whom the avenues to fame are so densely thronged. We are not without hope that English literature has now passed its lowest point of depression, and that a more cheering task awaits us in the future, than it has been our duty to perform during the dullest six years for literature and all associated with it that has occurred within the present century. And if there should be a revival, THE CRITIC will, perhaps, be permitted some share in the honour of producing it, having laboured for it so long, and so zealously, and without help from any of its cotemporaries.

Desirous of extending the influence they have established, and of circulating more widely the principles, the philosophy, the independence, and the truth-telling spirit which have secured for THE CRITIC its present reputation, and a circle of readers by no means despicable in extent and most influential in character, because, composed exclusively of the classes who have leisure to read and think—arrangements have been made by the conductors, which will, it is hoped, be effective for that purpose.

The first improvement will be to combine the attraction of a Literary Journal with the utility of a Publisher's Circular. Readers are, no doubt, aware that there are two or three periodicals entirely devoted to lists of new publications and advertisements, but containing no notices of the works thus announced. In future, THE CRITIC will perform the same office, with the additional convenience of reviews of, and extracts from, the new works that appear; so that the circulating library keeper, the member of the book club, and the general reader, may be enabled, not merely to ascertain what books are published, but also to form his own judgment of them from the description of, and extracts from, them in the review, and by the honest opinion expressed of them by the reviewer.

And this great advantage they will obtain at considerably less than the present cost of the *Publisher's Circular*, or such like works, which are not, by a tenth part, so useful or so interesting as this will be.

THE CRITIC will be sent, stamped, by post, direct from the office, on the day of publication, to any Circulating Library Keeper in the United Kingdom, at the cost of the stamp and paper

only; i. e., on his transmitting 3s. in postage stamps, it will be sent to him for six months; or, on his transmitting 5s. 6d. in postage stamps, it will be sent to him for twelve months.

To enable THE CRITIC better to keep pace with the progress of publication in Literature, Art, and Music, it will be permanently enlarged to seventy two columns.

There will be no alteration in the periods of publication, which will be on the 1st and 15th of every month, as heretofore, a plan which has given unqualified satisfaction to readers, to publishers and to advertisers, as being less costly, and less interfering with other claims upon the time and purse. Nor is this obtained at any sacrifice of the object of the work, for, by omitting the abstruse scientific notices, which are read only by the select few, and the miscellaneous matter inserted to *fill up*, and devoting the entire space to the proper purposes of such a periodical, THE CRITIC will be enabled to dedicate quite as much attention (or more) to books and art, as is now given to them by either of its weekly cotemporaries.

And its cost will be the merest trifle. *Three* shillings for a quarter, or *six* shillings for six months, will place in the hands of the reader a complete record of the literature and art of the day, without an acquaintance with which no person can venture into society, and which is quite as necessary to be known as are the political and public events that are gathered from the general newspapers.

On prepayment of six shillings for the half-year, it will be forwarded direct from the office, stamped.

Another suggestion has been made, but too late for deliberation at present, which will add vastly to whatever claims THE CRITIC may have upon the support of all who are connected with literature. Should it be approved, upon reflection, it will be duly announced; but it involves no change of management or plan, but only its application to a beneficent purpose.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A., with selections from his Journals and Correspondence. By his Son, W. WILKIE COLLINS. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

THE father of WILLIAM COLLINS was a man of some note in his day, art being his business, and literature his amusement. He was a picture dealer by profession, but also a poet, an essayist, a contributor to magazines, and a novelist; by the former earning a subsistence, by the latter obtaining more fame than money, and no great measure even of that. In the end, after a long struggle with adverse fortune, he died insolvent.

Perhaps all these circumstances conspired to make the son what he was. From his earliest years he must have imbibed a knowledge of art; he was surrounded with it; he heard it talked about by his father and his friends, and he could see the practical illustrations of their commentaries in the warehouse. And the young COLLINS was by nature qualified to make the best of his advantages; he exhibited a very early taste for the pencil, inasmuch that it attracted the attention of the artists who visited his father. Morland was so interested in him that he undertook to give him lessons, but COLLINS never attributed much of his progress

to those teachings. His genius, however, was soon turned to profitable account, for he employed himself in repairing damaged pictures and making copies, which, perhaps, were afterwards sold as "genuine old masters." In 1806 he was entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and laboured diligently in his vocation; but he made a proper use of his teachings, treating them not as *rules*, but as *suggestions*; for COLLINS was an artist in soul, and he sought his inspiration at the only source where it is to be surely found—nature.

Whatever natural object he perceived, he endeavoured to imitate upon paper: even a group of old blacking-bottles, picturesquely arranged by his friend Linnell, (then a student like himself,) supplied him with a fund of material too precious to be disdained.

Ere, however, I proceed to track the progress of his mind in his youth, an anecdote of his boyish days may not appear too uninteresting to claim a place at this portion of the narrative. His first sight of the sea-coast was at Brighton, whither he was taken by his father. As soon as they gained the beach, the boy took out his little sketch-book, and began instantly to attempt to draw the sea. He made six separate endeavours to trace the forms of the waves as they rolled at his feet, and express the misty uniformity of the distant horizon line: but every fresh effort was equally unsuccessful, and he burst into tears as he closed the book and gave up the attempt in despair. Such was the first study of coast scenery by the painter who was afterwards destined to found his highest claims to original genius and public approbation on his representations of the various beauties of his native shores.

COLLINS was accustomed to keep a diary, and to set down his feelings and reflections as they occurred, so that a very faithful history of his inner life has been preserved, and which gives an interest to those volumes not often found in the memoirs of a steady and industrious artist whose days are spent in the studio. In 1812 his father died, leaving to him the care of his mother and a brother, entirely destitute of the means of subsistence. His diary preserves a painful narration of his afflictions at this time of trial.

Mr. Heathcote called in; and, when I made him acquainted with my melancholy situation, most nobly offered to pay me the remainder of the purchase-money of the picture—which I could not think of taking, as the picture was not a quarter finished—and then offered me the loan of 50*l.* upon my note of hand. This I also refused; but agreed, if I should be in distress, to write to him for the loan of 20*l.* 4th.—Painted, for the first time since my dear father's death, for about an hour. 8th.—Signed a paper with Frank, containing our renunciation of the estate of my dear father; the one we signed before being only sufficient for my mother.

And a further insight into the struggles of the family is given by the biographer.

The painter's position was now seriously changed. Nothing remained to him of the humble possessions of his family: the small relics sacred to him for his father's sake—the ring, the spectacles, and the snuff-box—even these, he had been forced to purchase as a stranger, not to retain as a son! Insatiate and impatient creditors, unable to appreciate any sacrifices in their favour that he endeavoured to make, harassed him by their alternate disagreements and demands. His mother, overwhelmed in the first helplessness of grief, was incapable alike of consolation or advice. His brother, with the will, and the ambition, possessed little power and found few opportunities of aiding him in his worst exigencies. To his genius his desolate family now looked for support, and to his firmness for direction. They were disappointed in neither.

As the lease had not yet expired, the family still occupied their house in Great Portland-street,—now emptied of all its accustomed furniture and adornments; and, while the elder brother, inspired by necessity,—the Muse, not of fable, but of reality; the Muse that has presided over the greatest efforts of the greatest men—began to labour at his art with increased eagerness and

assiduity; the younger made preparations for continuing his father's business, and contributing thereby his share towards the support of their afflicted and widowed parent. So completely was the house now emptied, to afford payment to the last farthing of the debts of necessity contracted by its unfortunate master, that the painter, and his mother and brother, were found by their kind friend, the late Mrs. Hand, taking their scanty evening meal on an old box,—the only substitute for a table which they possessed. From this comfortless situation they were immediately extricated by Mrs. Hand, who presented them with the articles of furniture that they required.

A pen and ink portrait of him, about this time, is preserved by an old school-fellow, Mr. KIRTON.

His father, himself, his brother Frank, and I, made long peregrinations in the fields between Highgate and Wilsden. He always had his sketch-book with him, and generally came home well stored. He was then very quick with his pencil. He had great respect for the talents of Morland. When we were by ourselves, more than once we went to the public-house for which Morland had painted the sign, to eat bread and cheese and drink porter, merely because he had lived there for some time. The room where he had painted the sign was once, at his request, shown to us by the landlady; at which he was much pleased. Another time we went over ditches and brick-fields near Somers Town, to look at the yard where Morland used to keep his pigs, rabbits, &c., and where he said Morland had given him lessons: he even pointed out their respective places, and the window where he used to sit. When Frank and myself were in the van, during a walk—he being behind, sketching—and we saw anything we thought would suit him, we called to him to come on, saying, "Bill, here's another sketch for Morland."

But patience and perseverance will overcome all obstacles. He exhibited at the Academy in 1807. In 1809 he obtained the silver medal for drawing. In 1813 he was admitted an associate. In 1820 he was elected an R. A. His circumstances, hitherto depressed by the misfortunes of his family, and not by any fault of his own, now grew brighter: commissions came crowding in, and he was enabled to indulge a long-cherished attachment by marrying Miss GEDDES. He now also began to extend the range of his studies of nature; he took occasional tours on the continent, always bringing back with him a portfolio of exquisite sketches, and reminiscences of effects, which were afterwards introduced into his pictures. But he did not extend his travels to Italy until late in life, and then only on the urgent recommendation of WILKIE. It was in the year 1836, when he was nearly fifty years old, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to pay a visit to the sunny land on the other side of the Alps. He made good use of his time there, labouring most industriously to avail himself of the new world of pictorial effects which Italy offers to the artist, in its skies, and hills, and seas, and atmospheres. In this manner was he affected by them.

His first sight of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, had impressed on him, among other convictions, a decided opinion that no artist ought to come to Rome until he had gone through a long course of severe study in his own country, and had arrived at an age when his judgment was matured; as the great works there were of a nature either to bewilder a young unpractised student, or to possess him with the dangerous idea that from seeing such pictures only he had become at once the superior of his fellow labourers at home. Another impression produced in the painter about this period, from deep and patient study of the classics of Italian art, was, that Raphael and Michael Angelo had acquired their triumphant mastery over attitude and composition from close observation of the aspect of ordinary humanity around them. Conscious that he was now in a country where art was still the missionary of religion, and where the population asso-

ciated their hours of devotion with the contemplation of all that was most beautiful and universal in painting, insensibly deriving from this very habit a peculiar grace in attitude and variety in action, he looked for his new theories of pictorial arrangement and form where he believed that the great masters had looked before him—in the casual attitudes of the idlers in the streets. In their carelessness of repose, in their unconscious sublimity of action, in their natural graces of line and composition, the groups he saw formed accidentally in the roadway seemed the continuation—sometimes almost the reflection—of the glorious groups on the walls of the Vatican, or in the altar pictures of the churches of Rome.

"You will think all this contrivance," the painter writes to Wilkie from Venice, "ought to be followed up by the production of something worth looking at; but this is no easy matter; for every place, and indeed everything in Italy, has been so besketched, that little remains, unless the old way of doing things be resorted to by way of novelty. One thing I am more convinced of every day,—namely, that the fine pictures of the schools I am surrounded by are built upon what is called common nature; the inhabitants of the streets furnishing the guest-table, and there playing their parts with a dignity to be found only amongst the people. But if this introduction of the model be too literal, that common look which belongs to modern Continental pictures, and which is certain degradation, is an inevitable consequence.

"So much with respect to figures. In the case of landscape, the same thing, to a much greater extent, is sure to follow. Views, mere views, are detestable. What can be more like nature than the landscape of Titian? I was yesterday looking at the 'Peter Martyr,' at San Giovanni,—I got up to it, on the altar. The painting is truth itself; and yet how far removed from anything 'common or unclean'! (if one might venture on such an expression)—sober, solemn truth, coming from one aware of the real dignity of his pursuit. What a creature he was!"

He thus notes the frescoes of Munich:

Several Germans,—namely, Overbeck, Ficht, Schadow, and Schnorr, have painted two palazzos in the early German manner, imitating, not Raphael, but Raphael's masters, and with great cleverness and research; but they have not hit the mark,—their style wanting so much of modern embellishment cannot now be popular, and can neither be admired nor followed, as Pietro Perugino and Ghirlandaio were in their early day. This has given occasion to the wags to say, that Overbeck has overreached himself; that Ficht is shy and timid; that Schadow has neither depth nor softness; and that Schnorr is without repose!! With all this, however, in our country of novelty and experiment, why do those, whose aim in the higher walks is so cramped and confined by a measured canvass and a limited commission, not try at once to revive the art of fresco?

But this tour, so productive of instruction, was unfortunately injurious to his health: he was seized with a severe rheumatic fever, the result of exposure, as he supposed, and it touched the heart. Then began the train of symptoms that usually follow this insidious disease: his constitution was visibly failing, and this was his condition on his return to his native country.

On his return, to the astonishment of all who saw him, he again entered his painting-room, again ranged his sketches and canvasses round him, and again commenced the composition of new pictures as ambitiously and industriously as ever. Saving on those days when he was unable to leave his bed, or when utter exhaustion disabled him from moving hand or foot, he now sat regularly before his easel, eager and aspiring as in his student days. It was an impressive testimony to the superiority of mind over body to watch him as he now worked. His heart was at this time fearfully deranged in its action, appearing not to beat, but to heave with a rushing, irregular, watery sound. His breathing was oppressed, as in the last stages of asthma, and prevented his ever attaining an entirely recumbent position for any length of time, night or day. His cough assailed him with paroxysms so violent and so constantly recurring, as to create apprehension that he might rupture a blood-vessel

while under their influence. It was in spite of this combination of maladies, with all their accustomed consequences of sleepless nights, constant weakness, and nervous anxiety, that he disposed himself to labour in a pursuit exacting the most watchful and minute attention of head and hand, and that he succeeded in successfully accomplishing everything that he set himself to do. Sometimes the brush dropped from his hand from sheer weakness; sometimes it was laid down while he gasped for breath like one half suffocated, or while a sudden attack of coughing disabled him from placing another touch upon the canvass; but these paroxysms subdued, his occupation was resolutely resumed. His mind revived, his eye brightened, his hand became steady again, as if by magic. Sky, ocean, earth, assumed on his canvass their beauties of hue and varieties of form, readily and truthfully as of old. No touch was omitted from the objects of the picture in detail, no harmony of tint forgotten in the rendering of the general effect. The strong mind bent the reluctant body triumphantly to its will, in every part of the pictures, on which, already a dying man, he now worked. They were the last he produced.

And even when he grew worse, and death was near, the love of art was strong within him, and he could not wholly abandon his vocation.

Happening—through much the same caprice of imagination which often disposes the eye to see old crags and castles imaged in the embers of a smouldering fire—to observe in the accidental arrangement of some writing and drawing materials placed in and about a small wooden tray at the foot of his bed, certain shades and outlines which resolved themselves to his fancy into the representation of an old ferry-boat lying at a deserted quay, he asked for some drawing materials, and, being propped up with pillows, proceeded to make a small water-colour sketch of the objects which his caprice of thought had called up before him in the manner described. The weary head drooped, and the weak hand flagged often at its old familiar task, as he slowly pursued his occupation; but the sketch was steadily continued. Slight as it was, perhaps comprehensible to the eye of a painter alone, it displayed in its narrow limits his wonted mastery over colour and light and shade. With its conclusion, his long and happy labours in the art ceased; from that moment his pencil, which had never been raised but usefully to instruct and innocently to amuse, was laid aside for ever!

He died in February, 1847, aged 59; but his works will live while English art remains. He is one of those names which are a continual reproach to his country, for that she has not yet, as a country, collected for herself a gallery of the art of her own children. The British school, great as it is, has no dwelling-place in England: we cannot direct a foreigner to any one spot where he may view it. While every little town upon the Continent has its own gallery and its own school of native art, to be an incentive to genius and the pride of the whole people, we, the richest nation in the world, who boast a native school of art which might vie with any other, have no gallery where its masters may be seen and its history read. How much longer is this disgrace to be endured! If ever such a gallery be formed, among the most conspicuous in it will be the works of WILLIAM COLLINS.

To this brief sketch of his uneventful life, we append a few gleanings of anecdote and incident.

Here is a specimen of his wit:—

AN EPIGRAM.

It was during one of these visits to Mr. Wells that Mr. Collins wrote the subjoined epigram, which, as the production of a painter, may perhaps claim insertion among the curiosities of Art. One of his host's gamekeepers, named Martin, was confined to his bed in the shooting season by an accident. The disappointment of the man at his untimely confinement was extreme; and Mr. Wells, with his usual good nature, proposed to the painter to pay him a visit of condolence. On being

interrogated as to the state of his spirits and health, Martin replied that he got through his nights pretty well, as he had then "a knack at sleeping;" but complained that his "days were wretchedly black." When Mr. Wells and Mr. Collins returned from their expedition, the latter thus versified Martin's answer in his own words:

Says Martin,—“My life seems so drear,
My days appear wretchedly black,
It is not the nights that I fear,
As at sleeping I then have a knack.”
Oh, Martin, how silly is all that you say!
Of science how much you must lack!
Is it strange that an union of Martin and Day
Should a mixture produce that is black?

The following are some

REMINISCENCES OF WILKIE.

“Wilkie was not quick in perceiving a joke, although he was always anxious to do so, and to recollect humorous stories, of which he was exceedingly fond. As instances, I recollect, once, when we were staying at Mr. Wells', at Redleaf, one morning at breakfast a very small puppy was running about under the table. ‘Dear me,’ said a lady, ‘how this creature teases me!’ I took it up, and put it into my breast-pocket. Mr. Wells said, ‘That is a pretty nose-gay.’ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘it is a dog-rose.’ Wilkie’s attention, sitting opposite, was called to his friend’s pun: but all in vain,—he could not be persuaded to see anything in it. I recollect trying once to explain to him, with the same want of success, Hogarth’s joke in putting the sign of the woman without a head, (‘The Good Woman,’) under the window from whence the quarrelsome wife is throwing the dinner into the street.”

As a balance against the above anecdotes, it should be mentioned that, on another occasion, Wilkie succeeded better in the mysteries of punning. On the day when he was knighted, he called on his friend Collins, and, not finding him at home, left his card thus inscribed: “Mr. David Wilkie,—a be-knighted traveller.”

A more amusing instance of the simplicity of his character is thus described in my father’s MS.:

“Chantrey and Wilkie were dining alone with me, when the former, in his great kindness for Wilkie, ventured, as he said, to take him to task for his constant use of the word ‘relly,’ (really), when listening to any conversation in which he was much interested. ‘Now, for instance,’ said Chantrey, ‘suppose I was giving you an account of any interesting matter, you would constantly say, ‘Relly!’ ‘Relly!’ exclaimed Wilkie immediately, with a look of the most perfect astonishment.”

“When Lord Mulgrave’s pictures were sold at Christie’s, Wilkie waited in the neighbourhood, whilst I attended the sale. It was quite refreshing to see his joy when I returned with a list of the prices. The sketches produced more than five hundred per cent.—the pictures three hundred. I recollect one—a small, early picture, called ‘Sunday Morning;’ I asked Wilkie what he thought of its fetching, as it did, a hundred and ten pounds, and whether Lord Mulgrave had not got it cheap enough. ‘Why, he gave me fifteen pounds for it!’ When I expressed my surprise that he should have given so small a sum for so clever a work, Wilkie, defending him, said, ‘Ah, but consider, as I was not known at that time, it was a great risk!’

“When the king was in Edinburgh, (whither Wilkie and Collins went,) Doctor Chalmers was asked by Wilkie, whether Principal Baird would preach before the king. (Now, Principal Baird has a sad habit of crying in the pulpit.) ‘Why,’ says Chalmers, ‘if he does, it will be George Baird to George Rex, greeting.’”

We conclude with some miscellaneous

HINTS ON ART.

“I feel the necessity of looking at *generals*, as I conceive I have only arrived at the power of painting *particulars*. But, although I am not quite sure which I ought to have done first, yet I am inclined to think that, knowing what I do of *particulars*, I shall not make my *generals* too indefinite; and, in addition to this, I know more exactly what I want, as well as more how to value it when I get it.

“Those who never particularize, are apt to build entirely upon their general knowledge (which, after all, is only a slight knowledge of particulars); and those who never look to the *generals*, are not aware of their consequence. Both are wrong; and each from pure vanity ridicules the other.

“A painter should choose those subjects with which most people associate pleasant circumstances. It is not sufficient that a scene pleases him.

“Sentiment in pictures can only be produced by a constant attention to the food given to the painter’s mind. A proper dignity and respect for oneself is the only shield against the loathsomeness of vulgarity.

“Suppose the mind (vital principle, director of the body, or whatever else it may be called) obliged to pass through or make use of certain organs, to the end that it may attain some purpose—suppose these organs in a morbid state, will the operations be sound? Certainly not. No more so than the attempt will be successful of a man who wishes to go a journey on foot and breaks one of his legs by the way. Then, how clearly does the necessity appear of doing as much as is in our power to keep these organs in the most perfect state. What excuse has the man to offer who suffers them, or occasions them to be, in an unfit condition for the use of the mind?

“To study in the country for future figures and groupings, with the accompanying backgrounds, and to make the most accurate painting and drawing studies of anything *in itself a subject*; sketches of anything I have too many. To be always looking for what constitutes the beauty of natural groups, and why they please in pictures.”

The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook. By the Rev. R. H. DALTON BARHAM, B.A. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE life of Theodore Hook teaches us this lesson, that wit without wisdom, and genius without virtue, conduce little to the advantage of the world, and still less to that of their possessor. Hook was the most brilliant man of his time—but his life was a wretched one, and he has left nothing behind him for which his memory will be held in honour.

It is for that reason we hope this memoir of him will be read by everybody, and especially by all who aspire to authorship, or who are foolish enough to dedicate their lives to literature. It will teach them a lesson they will not readily forget, for, with the external aspect of prosperity—courted of society, popular with readers—receiving large sums for his labour—there was not a more unhappy man, nor a poorer man, than he; and the consciousness of great abilities wasted and misapplied added poignancy to his other self-produced troubles.

Theodore Hook was the son of a musical composer of some note. He was educated at Harrow, and afterwards migrated to College, where, however, he remained only for a short time. He very early displayed a talent for dramatic writing, and his father availed himself of his son’s pen for librettos for his own music. When he was sixteen they thus produced together a musical drama, entitled “The Soldier’s Return, or, What can Beauty do?” which had a considerable run. This early success determined his future career. It was immediately followed by the usual attentions so calculated to turn the head of a very young man; he was noticed, flattered, invited to the tables and drawing-rooms of his superiors in station, admitted to the theatres *on sight*; privileged behind the scenes, and in the green-room. His regular studies were abandoned, and he became a man about town, indulging in frolics, of which he has preserved a pretty faithful record in *Gilbert Gurney*. Among other introductions, he had been invited to Carlton House, and through that patronage obtained the lucrative post of treasurer of the Mauritius. But he departed deeply in debt from extravagancies indulged during his town life, and, wanting the solid foundation of good principles, he could not resist the temptations of pressure from without, nor the habits of

wasteful self-indulgence in which he had been trained, and in less than four years he was a defaulter to the amount of many thousands of pounds. A government inquiry was instituted; the facts came out; he was deprived of his situation, and sent a prisoner to England. He was saved from a criminal prosecution only by the earnest intervention of some of his powerful friends.

But, even in the midst of his troubles he could not restrain his propensity for jesting. It is said that "Lord C. Somerset, meeting him at St. Helena, 'hoped he was not returning for his health.' 'Why,' said Theodore, 'they do think there is something wrong in the chest.'"

Soon after his return, he was invited to take part in the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper, which proved eminently successful, and, ere long, brought him in upwards of 2,000*l.* per annum. His inexhaustible fund of wit and satire was admirably adapted for political warfare, and certainly nothing equal to it in brilliancy and effect has been seen in an English journal before or since. But this restored him to his former dissolute associations, and he soon renewed his old course of life, drinking, gambling, and maintaining a sort of artificial excitement for the discharge of his editorial duties, and of which Mr. Barham gives us this painful description:—

We may venture to supply, by way of specimen, a sketch, by no means overcharged, of one of those restless life-exhausting days in which the seemingly iron energies of Theodore Hook were prematurely consumed. A late breakfast—his spirits jaded by the exertions of yesterday, and further depressed by the impending weight of some pecuniary difficulty; large arrears of literary toil to be made up; the meal sent away untasted; every power of his mind forced and strained for the next four or five hours upon the subject that happens to be in hand—then a rapid drive to town and a visit, first to one club, where, the centre of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties are again upon the stretch, and again aroused and sustained by artificial means; the same thing repeated at a second—the same drain and the same supply—a ballot or "general meeting" at a third, the chair taken by Mr. Hook,—who, as a friend observes, addresses the members, produces the accounts, audits and passes them, gives a succinct statement of the prospects and finances of the society, parries an awkward question, extinguishes a grumbler, confounds an opponent, proposes a "vote of thanks" to himself, seconds, carries it, and "returns thanks" with a vivacious rapidity that entirely confounds the unorganized schemes of the minority; then a chop in the committee-room, and "just one tumbler of brandy and water," or *two*; and we fear the catalogue would not always close there.

Off next to take his place at some lordly banquet, where the fire of wit is to be stirred again into dazzling blaze, and fed by fresh supplies of potent stimulants. Lady A—has never heard one of his delightful extempores; the piano-forte is at hand—we have seen it established with malice prepense in the dining-room when he has been expected; fresh and more vigorous efforts of fancy, memory, and application, are called for—all the wondrous machinery of the brain taxed and strained to the very utmost—smiles and applause reward the exertion: and perhaps one more chanson, if he has shown himself thoroughly in the vein, is craved as a special favour; or possibly, if the call has been made too early or too late, some dull-witted gentleman hints that he is a little disappointed in Mr. Hook; and the host admits that he has not been so happy as he has known him. He retires at last, but not to rest—not to home. Half an hour at Crockford's is proposed by some gay companion as they quit together: we need not continue the picture; the half hour is quadrupled, and the excitement of the preceding evening is as nothing to that which now ensues; whether he rises from the table winner or loser, by the time he has reached Fulham the reaction is complete, and in a state of utter prostration, bodily and mental, he seeks his pillow; to run, perhaps, precisely a similar course on the morrow.

Self-destroyed, he died at the premature age of *fifty-one*, when he should have been in the full vigour of his faculties, for his constitution was good, and, with ordinary care, he might have anticipated a long career for his genius, and a peaceful old age; but his death was pronounced by the doctors to be literally the consequence of spirit-drinking;—it had destroyed his liver!

This memoir is a slight one, and adds little to our previous knowledge of the man or his history. Its interest lies principally in the anecdotes which Mr. Barham has industriously collected from the memories of all of Hook's friends and acquaintances. The second volume consists entirely of his contributions to the early numbers of the *John Bull*, and which exhibit his genius in its best aspect, although the wit is often unintelligible for want of knowledge of the parties and events, now forgotten, to which they were applied. In conclusion, we shall select a few of the anecdotes that are scattered profusely through these pages.

HOOK AT THE DINNER TABLE.

Notwithstanding the real affection he felt for Hill, Hook was sometimes led, as is the case with spoiled children, whether of larger or lesser growth, to trespass overmuch upon the good nature of his friend—almost worshipper—and to allow himself liberties which no degree of intimacy could justify. An instance of the kind occurred at Sydenham, when Hook, resenting the introduction of a comparative stranger to their saturnal, chose to assume all sorts of extraordinary and offensive airs to the great discomfiture of his host, who, with the warmest desire to "see everybody comfortable," had not always, perhaps, tact commensurate with his benevolence. Having completely mystified the unwelcome guest during the hour or two before dinner, when that meal was served Mr. Hook was not to be found; search was made throughout the house, but in vain. The garden was scoured and a peep taken into the pond, but no Hook! The party at length sat down, and a servant soon after informed them that he had just discovered the lost one—in bed! Hook now thought fit to make his appearance, which he did in strange guise, with his long black hair plastered over his face, and his whole head and shoulders dripping with water. "Feeling a little fatigue," he said "he had retired to rest, and by way of thoroughly arousing himself had just taken a plunge in the water-butt; at the same moment, and before he had time to partake of any of the good things before him, Mr. Hook's carriage was announced; and merely observing that he had recollected an engagement to dine that day in town, he bowed and quitted the company. It is not possible to estimate the degree of provocation that led to his extraordinary, and, as it stands, certainly inexcusable procedure; but he, of all men, was particularly exposed to annoyance from the intrusive curiosity of people, who seemed to consider they had been lured to the table under false pretences, if Mr. Hook declined "tumbling" for their amusement, and from the scarcely less offensive adulation of those who thought themselves bound to grin and giggle at every word, however common-place, that fell from his lips. Those who were present will not readily forget how completely he succeeded in extinguishing the laughter of one of these indiscriminating admirers who frequently beset him in society. In consequence of his arriving late, as was usual with him, Hook was placed next an individual who eagerly availed himself of an opportunity never before enjoyed, of entering into direct communication with his eminent neighbour. The slightest symptoms of fun, on the part of the latter, were hailed with noisy approbation, and his puns were instantly repeated for the benefit of those at the upper end of the table with highly flattering comments, such as "Uncommonly good! capital! excellent,—is it not?" &c. But not content with this busy retail business, Mr. — endeavoured to monopolise Hook's conversation altogether, constantly appealing to him,—asking his opinion on this subject, what he thought of that; and, in short, forcing himself upon the other's notice in a manner not less ill-bred than annoying. A mode of escape suggested itself. Hook, who was unwilling to disturb the company by any display of what severity which he had at

command, chose to adopt sedatives, replying courteously to every remark, and invariably concluding with: "*But, my dear sir, you don't drink.*" Gratified by the attention he obtained, his new friend began to push forward his observations with greater confidence; they were all received with a polite smile, a nod of assent, and a motion towards the decanter:—"Exactly! but I see, my dear sir, you don't drink." Glass after glass was filled and emptied by the unsuspecting Mr. —, at the suggestion of his companion, who redoubled his civilities as he observed an increasing profundity in the former's criticisms, a wilder luxuriance in his eloquence, and a more decided tendency towards imperfect articulation. "You see, Mr. Hook, with regard to Shakespeare, my opinion is—" "I beg your pardon for the interruption; but permit me—your glass, I see, is empty. *My dear sir, you don't drink.*" The finale was not long delayed; the enemy did his work, and stole away not only his victim's brain but his speech also. The effect of the potent spirit became visible about the same time upon another of those present; and it was not unamusing to observe the contrast afforded by the gentlemanly demeanour of the one and the coarse vulgarity of the other, both alike thrown off their guard by the insidious juice.

He very early exhibited the taste which never left him for

PRACTICAL JOKES.

On one occasion poor Dowton was well nigh frightened from his propriety by the sudden appearance of his young friend upon the stage, who, in appropriate costume, and with an ultra-melodramatic strut, advanced in place of the regular walking gentleman to offer him a letter. At another, during the heat of a contested Westminster election, the whole house was electrified by a solemn cry, proceeding apparently from the fiend in the "Wood Demon," of "SHE-UI-DAN FOR E-VER!" and uttered in the deepest bass the speaking-trumpet was capable of producing.

Hook was an improvisatore, and here is an instance of it—

One instance has been recorded, remarkable not only for the readiness and tact with which he interwove any passing incident, but for the extreme gracefulness of the comparison thus suggested. It was at a country mansion; Hook was in high spirits—when was he not to outward seeming? The Falerian had been of the right vintage, and the draughts neither too frequent nor too few. The evening passed delightfully away—still puns and pleasantries unexhausted, inexhaustible, kept the table in a roar. It was too early to separate—Theodore had never been so happy; already had he sung several songs in his best style, and given more than one successful specimen of his improvising. A little something, known to ordinary mortals as supper; to those in a yet humbler sphere as "the tray," made its appearance—the "mahogany mixture" deepened in its tint as the night wore on; the morning broke, and—

"Ne'er found such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkled there."

One last song was solicited,—the subject, "Good night,"—such eyes, such lips, were not to be refused. Hook, fresh as ever, responded to the call; when, in the midst of the mirth, some one threw open the shutter—the sun was rising, and poured its early light into the apartment. On the instant the singer paused; a boy, with his wondering eyes fixed upon him, (and there were few auditors he loved better,) stood by his side. Like old Timotheus he "changed his hand," and turning to the child, compared his dawn of life to the glorious luminary whose course was just begun, rich with the promise of an unclouded day; while for himself, his meridian past, his career well nigh ended, there remained little but to wish for each and all, "Good night!"

Every stanza had ended with these words, when the light was suddenly let in just by the end of the piano-forte, when the player, turning from the fair dames clustering round him, and among them the boy's mother, in a moment changed the strain, and apostrophizing him with a voice of deep pathos, thus concluded:—

"But the Sun see the heavens adorning,
Diffusing life, pleasure, and light!
To thee 'tis the promise of morning;
Whilst with us 'tis the closing 'Good night!'"

Here are two of

HOOK'S BON-MOTS.

His new residence afforded occasion for the delivery of one of the best of those unpremeditated *bon mots*, which were for ever sparkling and shooting athwart his fancy. A friend, viewing Putney bridge from the little terrace that overhung the Thames, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment, and, turning to his host, inquired "if such were the case—the bridge really answered?"

"I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be *toll'd*."

Another instance of the readiness of his wit, is set down, a few days later, in Mr. Barham's diary. "The Duke of B—, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglington Tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself, on the ground of an attack of the gout—

"How," said he, "could I ever get my poor puffed legs into those abominable iron boots?"

"It will be quite as appropriate," replied Hook, "if your Grace goes in your *list shoes*."

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of Chateaubriand. Written by Himself. Vol. I. Part I. London, 1848. Colburn.

THE interest which attaches to biographical works is for the most part of two kinds. It may be purely subjective, as is frequently the case in the life of an author—a man of literature or science, whose material existence scarce knows a wider range than the bounds of his own study, and the events or eras of whose life are certain mental phases—the rising and the setting—the germination and development of certain ideas. The history of such a life is merely a psychological study. To this class belong the lives of many great thinkers. The other kind of interest to which we have referred is rather objective than subjective, and is generally attached to the memoirs of those who have acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of the world, or experienced personally the material vicissitudes of life. To this class of biography belong more especially the lives of military leaders, of travellers, or adventurers—of heroes, in short—in the old-fashioned and common acceptance of the term, however, rather than in that which has been conferred upon it by the writings of CARLYLE. We do not, however, mean to infer that the *mind* of a COLUMBUS or a WASHINGTON might not afford an instructive and interesting subject of contemplation, but that to the general reader the psychological study will be far eclipsed in interest by the eventful and exciting narrative. Hence, memoirs of this class of men are the most likely to be popular works.

The memoirs of CHATEAUBRIAND, however, comprise both these sources of interest. A man of literary genius, we find in his singular temperament, in his peculiar circumstances, in the influences of his early life, and the development of his moral and intellectual character, the solution of his writings—a prominent actor in one of the most momentous epochs of the world's history, and with a long life of the strangest vicissitude—the history of his life cannot be otherwise than a strange, diversified, and picturesque narrative. This first part, all that is yet published in English of his memoirs, even exceeds our expectations, and makes us long for the appearance of a second. It is at once philosophical, poetical, picturesque, and, in the description of scenes and characters, reading more like romance than sober reality; but at the same time exceeding any romance we ever read in the power of captivating the imagination.

These memoirs were begun by the author in 1811, and do not appear to have been finished till 1846.

The peculiar circumstances under which they were composed are thus described:—

These memoirs have been written at different dates, and in different countries, and I have consequently deemed it necessary to insert, at certain points, a few preliminary observations (*avant propos*) for the purpose of explaining the scenes by which I was surrounded, and the feelings which occupied me at the moment when the thread of my narrative was resumed. The varied circumstances of my life are, as it were, blended with each other; in my moments of prosperity I have spoken of the days of my misery; and in my days of tribulation, I have retraced my intervals of happiness. The scenes of my youth intermingling with those of my old age; the gravity of my years of experience, casting a shade over my years of levity; the rays of my sun, from its dawning to its setting, crossing each other and mingling together, produce a sort of confusion, or, I may say, a sort of indefinable unity. My cradle partakes of my tomb, and my tomb of my cradle;—my suffering becomes pleasure, and my pleasure pain:—and after having read over my *Memoirs*, it appeared to me impossible to determine whether they were written in life's prime or in hoary age. I know not whether this jumble, the disorder of which I cannot now rectify, will please or displease. It is the result of the varying vicissitudes of my fate. The tempest has sometimes left me with no other writing-table than the plank saved from my shipwreck.

CHATEAUBRIAND was born at St. Malo, on the 4th of September, 1768. He died in July 1848, at the advanced age of nearly eighty years. What a period does such a life comprise! and what a history during that period has been that of France—of Europe we may say! Commencing under the old regime, the memoirs of his life read like the records of a state of existence which has so long passed away that we are astonished to find that in our own day, even in the year which is not yet passed, the living memory of them has been preserved.

FRANCOIS RENE DE CHATEAUBRIAND was the youngest child, and second son who survived infancy, of RENE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, Comte de Combourg, a cadet of a noble and ancient family, descended from a younger branch of the CHATEAUBRIANDS of la Guérande, who represented by direct descent the family of the CHATEAUBRIAND Sires DE BEAUFORT. In early times the CHATEAUBRIANDS held high offices under the crown, contracting alliances with the noblest families, and mingling their blood even with that of sovereign princes. In the generation preceding that of the subject of our notice, this branch of the family had been greatly impoverished in consequence of the common law of Brittany regarding the distribution of patrimonial property. But a new foundation of prosperity was laid by the father of the great CHATEAUBRIAND, who obtaining an opportunity of going to one of the French colonies, returned home with means which enabled him in a measure to retrieve the fallen honours of his family. On his return from America, he married, in 1753, the daughter of Count de BEDEE, Seigneur de la BONITARDAIS, the mother of CHATEAUBRIAND.

The character of the future author, traveller and statesman must have been formed in no small degree by the effect produced upon his mind by the character of his parents—an influence of a very remarkable description, and indirectly rather than expressly exercised. How graphic are these portraits, mental and

physical, of M. and Madame de CHATEAUBRIAND.

M. de Chateaubriand was tall and thin. His nose was aquiline, his lips compressed and colourless, and his small, sunken eyes were of a bluish-grey colour. There was a peculiar expression in his eyes which I never observed in any other individual. It was like that of the lion; and when he was roused by anger, the pupil of his eye seemed as it were to start out like a ball. One passion was predominant in my father's mind. It was family pride. His natural melancholy increased with advancing age; and his habitual silence was broken only by bursts of passion. He was niggardly, in the hope of restoring his family to its original affluence. He was haughty to the nobles of Brittany; harsh to his dependants at Combourg; taciturn, despotic, dictatorial in his house, where he inspired no feeling but fear. Had he lived in the breaking out of the revolution, or had he been a younger man, he would have played an important part, or he would have allowed himself to be massacred in his chateau. His talent was certainly of a high order, and had he been a minister of state or a military commander, he would have been an extraordinary man. * * * My mother was gifted with much intelligence, and she possessed an extraordinary share of imaginative talent. Her mind had been formed by reading Fénelon, Racine, and Madame de Sévigné; and her memory was stored with anecdotes of the Court of Louis XIV. She knew all Cyrus by heart. Apolline du Bedée had large features, and was of a dark complexion. She was small in figure, and by no means handsome. Nevertheless the elegance of her manners, and the amiability of her disposition, formed a pleasing contrast to the sternness and gloom of my father's character. She loved society as much as he loved solitude. She was as susceptible and animated as he was cold and imperturbable. All her tastes were at variance with those of her husband. The opposition she experienced wrought a change in her disposition; and from being lively and gay she became serious and melancholy. Obligated to hold her tongue when she wished to speak, she recompensed herself for the privation by manifesting a sort of parade of grief, broken by sighs, which alone interrupted the mute melancholy of my father. In piety my mother was an angel.

An angel at her devotions only, it would appear, for her piety does not seem to have influenced her temper, or governed her conduct towards her children and dependants:

All my mother's affections were concentrated in her eldest son. Not that she was wanting in love for her other children, but she manifested a blind preference for the young Count de Combourg. As the last comer, and as the chevalier (for I was called by that title), I at first enjoyed some privileges over my sisters; but, after a time, I was consigned to the control of the servants. My mother's leisure and thoughts were wholly divided between her love of society and her attention to the duties of religion. * * * My mother was a politician; for the inhabitants of St. Malo discussed politics like the monks of Taber in the ravine of Cedron. * * * The warmth of her political feeling, and the discussions into which it led her, probably had the effect of irritating her temper. At home she was cross and excitable, qualities which, joined to habits of parsimony, blinded us for a time to her many endurable qualities. Though herself not deficient in the spirit of order, yet her children were brought up in disorder. Although, in reality, generous, she appeared avaricious, and with an amiable disposition, she was continually peevish. My father was the terror of the domestics; my mother their scourge.

Previous to the birth of CHATEAUBRIAND, his father had recovered possession of the estate of Combourg; but the family continued to reside at St. Malo,—a town built upon a

rock, and nearly surrounded by the sea, being connected with the mainland merely by an embankment. "Far and near the eye ranges over rocks, forts, and inhabited islets." Such, then, was the home to which, at the age of three years, having until then been out at nurse in a Breton village, CHATEAUBRIAND returned, and such the parents to whose care he was consigned. The early affections of the child checked in their natural current by the emper of his father and mother, were directed with much fondness to a female domestic, and to his youngest sister—the latter sentiment ripening in after years to a devoted friendship. LUCILE DE CHATEAUBRIAND was two years older than her brother, and her appearance at this period is thus described by him :

Like a neglected younger daughter, her dress consisted of the left-off clothes of her elder sisters. I leave the reader to imagine a very thin, little girl, too tall for her age, her arms swinging awkwardly at her sides, oppressed by timidity, as if afraid to speak, and unable to learn any thing. Picture her dressed in a frock not made to fit her, her waist compressed by corsets, with whalebones running into her sides ;—forced to hold her head erect by an iron collar covered with brown velvet ;—her hair turned up, and confined beneath a black toque ; if the reader can imagine all this, he may be able to form some idea of the miserable little creature whom I beheld on my return to the paternal roof. Could I ever have imagined that she would one day be adorned with the talent and beauty which distinguished Lucile ?

The instruction of the two children in the rudiments of learning was committed to two "hunchbacked old women, dressed in black." Unruly and inapt pupils they seemed to have proved. The governesses attacked LUCILE, and FRANÇOIS acted on the defensive. The writing-master of the latter was also highly dissatisfied with him ; so that he came to be looked upon by both his parents as "a rebel, an idler, and a dunce." His mother made invidious comparisons between him and his brother, and the consequence was, he felt inclined to make himself as bad as it seemed expected he was to be.

At the age of seven the young FRANÇOIS was taken to Plancourt to be released from a vow made by his Breton nurse to Our Lady of Nazarette, that he should be clothed in blue and white until that period. He relates that, after hearing the exhortation of the priest on this occasion, who referred to a Baron de CHATEAUBRIAND, who had accompanied St. Louis to the Holy Land, and suggested that it might possibly be his lot to visit in Palestine the Virgin of Nazarette, his thoughts turned constantly on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Thus early in life was the idea started which was, at a future period, put in execution. At Plancourt CHATEAUBRIAND experienced a brief season of happiness under the roof of his grandmother, Madame DE BEDEE, whom he describes as an agreeable old lady, of grave and dignified manners, cultivated mind, and dressed in an old-fashioned style. With this old lady resided her sister, Mademoiselle DE BOISTEILLEUL, who in goodness only resembled Madame DE BEDEE. She was small and lively, had a turn for railery, and was in the habit of inditing verses to the memory of a youthful and disappointed love. Here is a graphic picture of a social circle in France in the eighteenth century, ere the eruption of the grand social earthquake :—

My grandmother consigned to her sister the superintendence of the household. She dined at the primitive hour of eleven in the forenoon ; and,

after dinner she took a siesta. She rose again at one o'clock, when she was carried out to the lower terrace of the garden, where, beneath the shade of the willows overhanging the fountain, she used to sit and knit, attended by her sister, her children, and her grandchildren. In those days old age was a dignity ; now it is a burden. At four in the afternoon my grandmother was carried into her drawing-room, where the servant Pierre used to set out a card-table. This being done, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul would take the fire-tongs, and tap against the back of the chimney, and in a few minutes after this summons there entered three old maiden ladies, who resided in the next house. These were three sisters, the Demoiselles Vildéneux, daughters of a poor nobleman of the olden time. Instead of parcelling out their scanty inheritance into shares, they preferred keeping it undivided, and enjoying it in common with each other. They had always lived together, and had never resided out of their paternal village. They had known my grandmother from their childhood ; they lived next door to her, and they regularly came every day, when my aunt gave the signal with the fire-tongs, to play a game at quadrille with their aged friend. The game being commenced, the good ladies would sometimes quarrel over it ; those card-table disputes were the only stirring events of their lives—the only circumstances which disturbed their equanimity of temper. At eight o'clock the announcement of supper never failed to restore serenity. My uncle De Bedée, with his son and three daughters, came frequently to sup with my grandmother. On these occasions the old lady would relate some stories of her youth, and my uncle would describe the battle of Fontenoy, in which he had been engaged ; then, having recounted his own deeds of valour, he would tell some humorous anecdotes, which made the good ladies almost die of laughter. At nine o'clock, supper being ended, the servants were summoned ; and, whilst all knelt devoutly, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul repeated the evening prayer. At ten o'clock the whole household was asleep, with the exception of my grandmother and her femme-de-chambre, who used to read to her till one in the morning.

CHATEAUBRIAND was destined by his parents for a sailor. As a small share of education was deemed necessary for this profession, he was allowed to pass his childhood at St. Malo, almost in idleness. His chosen companions were the young *polissons*, or little rabble of the city. A sadly neglected child he must have been.

I resembled them (the *polissons*) in everything, spoke their language, assumed their manner and gait, was dressed like them, my clothes, like theirs, were open and unbuttoned, and my shirt in tatters. My stockings were always full of holes, my shoes slipshod and down at the heel, and my feet coming out at every step. I constantly lost my cap and often my jacket. My face was beameared, scratched, and bruised ; and my hands were black and grubby.

The poor child was not himself, it seems, indifferent to the woful state of his attire. This natural and even affecting account is given of his concern and mortification :—

At night I endeavoured to patch my tattered garments, and good Villeneuve, and my Lucile used to help me to repair my *toilette*, in order to prevent my getting punished and scolded ; but their patchings only made my clothes look the more ridiculous. I was often miserable, especially when I appeared in my rags among children who were proud of their new clothes and appearance.

Another source of mortification to the young Chateaubriand was derived from the *fêtes*, or fairs, held on certain days of the year in the islands or on the forts round St. Malo. Being on these, to others joyous, occasions without money to purchase toys or cakes, the poor boy,

to escape the contempt attached to poverty wandered solitarily away by the sea-shore, amusing himself in "watching the flight of the penguins and sea-gulls, in gazing on the far blue distance, in picking up cockle-shells, and listening to the refrain of the waves among the rocks."

One source of happiness was, however, afforded to François by the fasts and festivals of the Church—by those solemn and imposing ceremonies by which the Romish Church has known so well to enlist on her side the imagination and the senses. At the Christmas festival, we are told, he "was overpowered by an extraordinary feeling of religion." The devotional and melancholy cast of his temperament appears to have been heightened by an early familiarity with death, as every year vessels were lost before his eyes, and whilst he played on the beach, dead bodies were washed ashore by the waves. Far too gloomy a view of life, indeed, he appears to have taken for a Christian, even taking into account the many sorrows and vicissitudes of his own. On one occasion he says :—

I am never present at a baptism or a marriage without a smile of sadness, or experiencing a feeling of oppression at my heart. Next to the misfortune of having been born, I can imagine none greater than that of giving birth to another.

Surely a pious man like M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND ought not only to have known, but to have felt, that even were this life all sorrow, it is a glorious gift to him who has used it rightly.

One companion of his own rank, however, CHATEAUBRIAND had, of the name of GESRIL—a youth who was perpetually leading him into scrapes, some even of a dangerous nature. To separate him from this companion, whose after career of honour was terminated by a violent death, it was determined that he should be sent to the college of Dol, his mother earnestly wishing that he might obtain a classical education, and secretly cherishing a hope that he might in the end enter the Church. Previous to his entrance at Dol, he accompanied his mother and sisters to Combourg. They travelled "in a huge, old-fashioned coach, with double gilt pannels and projecting steps, and purple tassels pendant from the four corners of the roof." This magnificent vehicle was, moreover, "drawn by eight horses, decked, like the mules in Spain, with bells at their necks, and bridles caparisoned with trappings and fringes of divers coloured wools !" Combourg was a gloomy old feudal chateau of vast dimensions, isolated from the world and life, amid the shades of magnificent but sombre forests. Without, its aspect was "melancholy and stern," and within, in addition to a great hall, the embrasures of the windows of which were so deep that they formed little chambers—

There were, in different parts of the building, passages, secret stairs, dark cells, dungeons, a labyrinth of open and covered galleries, and secret vaults, the ramifications of which were unknown ; silence, darkness, and a stony front every where appeared.

Udolpho, or Chateau le Blanc, must have been a mere joke to Combourg. But "truth is stranger than fiction," says the adage. And so it is, indeed. The most inventive fictionist never imagined a tale so full of striking scenes, of strange vicissitudes, of powerful contrasts, as this veritable life of CHATEAUBRIAND. His father had revived some of the games of the feudal ages. One of these of which our readers may probably have elsewhere read a

description, was denominated "La Quintaine." During his vacations, CHATEAUBRIAND shared in these diversions. He makes the following striking remark:—

Hence, I was so singularly placed in life, as to have been present at the "La Quintaine," and at the proclamation of the rights of man; to have seen the Burgher militia of a village of Brittany, and the national guard of France; the banners of the lords of Combourg, and the standard of the revolution. I am, as it were, the last witness of these feudal manners.

His first visit to Combourg was only of a fortnight's duration. At Dol, his genius first displayed itself, and seems to have been all but universal. From Dol he was subsequently removed to Rennes, to finish his studies, for the purpose of undergoing an examination, in order to qualify himself for a naval cadet at Brest. Previous to quitting Dol, his religious impressions had been solemnly renewed and deepened on the occasion of his first communion. At the moment of receiving the consecrated wafer, he tells us, he "understood the courage of the martyrs, and could have confessed Christ on the scaffold, or in the midst of lions." Here, also, he first manifested a strong sense of personal honour—the honour which, as he says, "became afterwards the idol of his life," for having, on the occasion of a boyish frolic, incurred the displeasure of his master, he was sentenced to be caned, an indignity which he endeavoured to avert by the most passionate entreaties and tears, and at last succeeded in avoiding, by means of an apt classical quotation, which propitiated the Abbé, by making him laugh. At Rennes he again met with GESRIL. Here, also, were two youths, who afterwards attained to celebrity—MOREAU, the general, and SIMOELAN, the inventor of the infernal machine. After quitting college, he was sent to Brest, under the care of an uncle. Here, most unexpectedly, he once more encountered GESRIL, now an officer in the navy. GESRIL was returning to his parents, and CHATEAUBRIAND suddenly adopted a resolution to do likewise. Although his imagination was excited by the conversation of the officer, by ideas of battles, adventures, and discoveries of unknown lands, he found that his spirit of independence unfitted him for the servitude of the navy. He had "an invincible repugnance to obey." Therefore, without consulting, informing, or asking permission of any one, he suddenly quitted Brest, and arrived unexpectedly at Combourg, where, much to his surprise, he was received with a welcome.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY.

History of the Philosophy of Mind: embracing the Opinions of all Writers on Mental Science, from the earliest period to the present time.

By ROBERT BLAKEY, Esq. Author of "History of Moral Science," &c. In 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1848. Saunders.

READERS who are acquainted with STEWART'S "Dissertation on the History of Moral Philosophy," introductory to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will form the most accurate idea of the design and framework of the more elaborate and comprehensive history before us. Mr. BLAKEY has adopted almost the same arrangement of his materials, but with a vast addition of information, a more extended list of writers, and a more minute and careful analysis of their doctrines.

He introduces this great work with an ex-

planation of the meaning which he has affixed to the term *Philosophy*, so differently employed in different languages. In Germany it is applied to all that is not strictly *physical science*. But in England it has been used with reference exclusively to *mental science*. Mr. BLAKEY states that his aim has been to furnish a history of *Metaphysical Philosophy*, and nothing more.

It certainly required no small courage and a rare enthusiasm to venture to write, and still more to publish, such a copious treatise on such a subject, at a time when the public taste is wholly turned from it; when the higher pursuits of the intellect are entirely abandoned; when the existence of such a science as that of mind is scarcely recognised; when a philosopher is deemed little better than a madman; when nothing is held worthy of esteem which cannot be counted in cash or turned to profit; when nobody reads metaphysics, and therefore nobody writes about it; when there is but a single periodical in the United Kingdom, to wit, THE CRITIC, that ever gives thought or notice to it, and that not because it is approved by its readers, but because it is not a commercial speculation, and therefore its proprietors and contributors seek only to promulgate their honest opinions, careless whom they please or displease. Whether Mr. BLAKEY will succeed in obtaining an attention which has been denied to others remains to be seen, but he must not be disappointed if he should receive no other reward for the labour of a life bestowed upon these volumes, than the consciousness that he has conferred a boon upon the literature of his country and of Europe, and that the time will come when there will be a change in public taste, and then he will be esteemed at his true worth, and his book become the manual of another generation, by whom philosophy will be studied and philosophers revered. Already we imagine we can perceive the advent of such an era. Our younger community are improving in this. There is among them a reaction against the materialism of our age, and they begin to acknowledge that there is something to be learned beyond the limits of the visible and palpable world. It is the constant aim of THE CRITIC, and it shall be so more and more, to foster and encourage that growing taste.

Therefore do we welcome heartily the appearance of these remarkable volumes. We hail them as a sign of better days to come; we accept them as testimony that the old spirit is not altogether extinct among us; we treasure them for their intrinsic value. The design is very comprehensive. In an introduction of some length, Mr. BLAKEY takes a general view of the progress, present state, and prospects of philosophy, states his definition of the term, and his reasons for its adoption.

Plunging, then, at once into his subject, he devotes an opening chapter to a catalogue of the various histories of philosophy, ancient and modern, which have been given to the world, and they are very few. The first English work of the kind was BURLEY'S *Lives of the Philosophers*, published in the fifteenth century. The author then proceeds to the history of the mental philosophy of Greece, which he divides into schools, as the Ionic school, the Italian school of metaphysics; the Eleatic school of metaphysics; the second Eleatic school of philosophy; the Greek Sophists; the Cyrenic and Cynical schools; the schools of Megara, Elis, and Eretria, and so forth; his plan being to give a brief account of the philosophers of each school and a careful sketch or digest of their doctrines, interspersing them with com-

ments suggestive of their probable influences upon the social and political events of the time, and their connection with general literature. From Greece he passes to the Alexandrian school of metaphysics, and thence to the Roman school, which occupies but a small space compared with that of Greece. The mental philosophy of India is next described; and then the manner in which the doctrines of the East became mingled with those of Greece and Rome, in the production of the Gnostic metaphysicians, whose principles Mr. BLAKEY very successfully labours to develop.

An extremely interesting chapter is that in which he treats of the metaphysical disquisitions of the ancient fathers of the church, and the effect of the introduction of the principle of *authority* upon the progress of philosophy, as illustrated by the opinions of the fathers of the church on the liberty and necessity of human action.

He next reviews the metaphysical notions of the Arabians; then those of the Persian sophists; then the philosophy of the Jews. A distinct chapter is devoted to a description of the mental faculties as recognised by philosophers up to the ninth century, and that introduces us to the Saxon metaphysics.

The second volume opens with a laborious account of the Scholastic metaphysicians, and, certainly, Mr. BLAKEY has exhibited unexampled patience and acuteness in unravelling, and still more in putting into an intelligible shape, the doctrines of these fantastical dreamers, and which properly suggest the interpellation of a distinct chapter devoted to reflections on the influence of language in all speculations on the nature and operations of the mind; for the greater portion of the Scholastic philosophy so called was, in fact, *logomachy*, or word-splitting, which, when applied to lawyers, we call, in plain terms, quirks and quibbles. But he is now fast approaching a more interesting era. In the next chapter we are introduced to the science of mind, as affected by the revival of letters in Europe, and then a chapter is dedicated to a subject which probably will be entirely new to most English readers, the metaphysical writers among the religious orders in Spain and Italy. This done, we enter upon an era familiar, in the names of its illustrators at least, to every ear, commencing with the glorious name of BACON, and descending through HOBBS, MONTAIGNE, DESCARTES, GASSENDI, PASCAL, GALE, CUDWORTH, DIGBY, BUCHANAN, MALEBRANCHE, DUHAMEL, BECK, and WILKINS. At this point Mr. BLAKEY pauses to introduce a few casual observations on the Nature of Truth, suggested by the doctrines of these philosophers, and especially those which contain sceptical opinions on the character of evidence.

Resuming, then, with SPINOZA, he reviews BOSSUET, FENELON, FONTENELLE, ANTHONY ARNOULD, BAXTER, Lord STAIR, LEIBNITZ, LOCKE, and many others of less note. CUMBERLAND, SHAFESBURY, WOLLASTON, and BUTLER follow; then STILLINGFLEET, BURNET, Dr. S. CLARKE, and BAYLE, on arriving at whom, Mr. BLAKEY pauses again to describe collectively the progress of metaphysical speculation in the Low Countries and in Germany, from the time of DESCARTES to HEMSTERHUIS.

Thence he returns to BERKELEY, HUME, the French Encyclopædists, CONDILLAC, ROUSSEAU, TURGOT, D'ALEMBERT, and the philosophy of FREDERICK the GREAT of Prussia and the Berlin Academy.

The state of Mental Philosophy in Italy and

Spain during the eighteenth century is treated in a separate chapter.

At home we turn now to Dr. WATTS, HUTCHESON, TUCKER, and TOOKE; in France, to DIDEROT, VOLTAIRE, and HELVETIUS. Next we have the Mental Theories of Vibrations and the Association of Ideas, maintained by HARTLEY, PRIESTLEY, DARWIN, and BELSHAM, PRICE, BEATTIE, Lord KAIMES, ADAM FERGUSON, and Lord MONBODDO. A whole chapter is properly dedicated to EMANUEL KANT, and another to a sketch of the metaphysical writers who immediately preceded and followed him, to the termination of the eighteenth century. A similar review of the French philosophers during the same period, and of the chief metaphysical writers who have treated of the sublime and beautiful, and on the principles which guide our judgment in all matters of taste and sentiment, conclude the third volume.

The opening chapter of the fourth volume describes with singular clearness, fullness, and impartiality, the doctrines of all the metaphysical writers of Great Britain from the year 1800 to the present day, with the extraordinary omission of one, the greatest of all, or who has at least exercised the greatest practical influence upon the world—GEORGE COMBE!

Similar chapters describe successively the metaphysical writers of Germany (omitting Dr. GALL), France, Italy, Belgium and Holland, and the United States during the same period.

But we must do Mr. BLAKEY justice; he has not ignored the existence of such a philosophy as Phrenology proves and Mesmerism suggests. He devotes two chapters to them at the close of his history. But he names Phrenology to deny its truth, and Mesmerism with an evident leaning in its favour, although unwilling to commit himself to an unqualified acceptance of it as an established fact in nature. But it is plain he considers the evidence in support of it impossible to be explained away, and too substantial to be sneered at.

Such being the scope of this work, we cannot hesitate to recommend it as a standard publication, without which no library will be complete. It is by far the most perfect history of mental science our language possesses. The great length at which we have described its contents, and the very nature of the subject, which is not to be illustrated by a page selected here and there, forbid extract. No other proof of its excellence and value will be required than a glance at the vast field of research which it has explored, and almost exhausted.

SCIENCE.

Ethnological Journal for October, November, and December.

Edinburgh Review for October. Article Ethnology.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE question with which our last paper on this subject concluded, viz.: are the typical varieties of the human race to which we referred—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Negro—to be considered as distinct aboriginal varieties, as separate creations of man; or are they all descended from a common stock, and are the differences between them capable of being accounted for and referable to the action of external physical causes?—is one which has divided, and still divides, the opinion of ethnologists.

But, before entering on this subject, we may pause a moment, to point out the means and appliances at our disposal auxiliary to the investigation of the question. In the first place, man, considered physically, is an animal,

an organized being, framed upon a certain plan, according to certain laws, and subject to all the modifications which external circumstances, such as climate or food, may produce on any being possessed of a similar organization. The investigation of the physical condition of man, the examination of his organic structure, and of the various changes which that structure may undergo, according to the conditions, favourable or otherwise, in which it may be placed, is the work of the physiologist. To him belongs the examination of the bony skeleton of the human animal, the measurement and configuration of its various parts (of which the most important is that receptacle of the physical organ of the intellect, whose character varies with the intellectual development of the man), the structure and colour of the integumental covering and its appendages, and of the changes which all these structural characters are capable of submitting to.

But man is not merely an animal: he is a thinking, intellectual animal, raised far above all other organizations by the possession of an intellectual principle, capable of an almost infinite development and unlimited cultivation. The structural changes which this development and cultivation of the intellectual powers may effect in man, are among the most striking of the physiological facts connected with his history.

Incident to, or at least connected with, this intellectual character, which separates man, by so wide and impassable a gulf, from the lower order of animals, is the power of communicating his thoughts by means of articulate and connected speech. Language must have commenced with man in the infancy of his existence, whether that existence took its rise in one or more centres of creation. The origin and essential nature of language is, indeed, enveloped in the utter darkness of a time too remote for our most searching ken; but its progress and development are not unnoted or unmarked. It is itself the most ancient landmark on that shore against which the restless and ever-changing ocean of the human intellect has beat, from the creation of man, even to the present hour. Starting, probably, from the same point, the expression of substantial things, of objects of sense and objects of passion, language has been developed in its capacity for representing by sound the ideal conceptions and emotions of the mind, according to the mental constitution of the different races of mankind. Whether in various centres, at various points of the earth's surface, man has been created, and language has arisen with him; or whether one family, possessing a primitive and thing-expressing language, has sent out its migrating branches to wander over and seek new settlements on the face of the earth, carrying with them the primitive mother-tongue, to undergo a various development with the varying mental character of the race,—certain it is that the languages of the earth present, on the one hand, structural and radical differences as great as any which can be perceived in the physical characters of man, and, on the other hand, exhibit evidences, in certain instances, of affinity and relationship so palpable and distinct, as clearly to point to a similar relationship and affinity between the races to whom such cognate languages belong, whatever difference of physical character may appear to declare against such relationship. To examine the structure of these modes of speech, to analyse their character, and form a careful comparison of their diversities or coincidences, according to fixed laws, and defined and limited analogies, is the work of the

philologist. Nor can the aid of history or tradition, of zoology or its sister sciences, be dispensed with in the investigation. To collect these materials, to generalize the observations founded on this extensive basis, to compare results, and harmonize the whole into the history of the human race, is the task of the ethnologist. And surely, if an investigation into the structure, habits, and qualities of the animals which live upon, or the vegetation which clothes, the earth's surface, or the observation of the changes which the crust of our globe has undergone, and of the extinct creatures who with it have passed through the various phases of creation, deserve place in the hall of the sciences, the claim of a study which takes man and his history, his progress or deterioration, for its object, is equally worthy of honour. Not such has been the opinion of the assembled sages of Great Britain. The combined efforts of two of the most profound scholars of the age, Dr. PRICHARD and the Chevalier BUNSEN, have at length succeeded (in 1847) in gaining admission for the science of ethnology among the recognized branches of knowledge cultivated under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

At this moment, ethnological inquiry is most favourably placed as to the physiological branch of its labours. The whole earth is known. We are in possession of an infinite mass of materials, bearing on the form, the structure, and the colour of the various tribes of the most distant regions. These materials, vast and heterogeneous as they are, have been carefully examined and arranged, by various labourers in the field of ethnological science, and by none more industriously or more philosophically than the learned author of the "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind." Dr. PRICHARD may be taken as the chief expositor of the views held by those who hold the doctrine of the unity of the human race. Let us take a brief review of the facts and arguments relied on by those who advocate this side of the question.

It is quite unnecessary to import into the discussion the question, whether there is any specific distinction, in the sense in which the term is used in zoology or botany, between the several races of men. The community of character observable in man, of all localities and all climates, in regard to all the principal phenomena of organic life, the prolific character of the offspring of the several races, and the common possession of similar intellectual powers, in all capable of a greater or less degree of development, and of articulate speech, are conclusive as to the differences observable in the human race being differences of variety and not of species. In the animal and vegetable kingdom, it is true, varieties are held to be such modifications of an original specific form, occurring within the limit of the species, as may be produced by the agency of external causes; but in the history of man, something more is intended by the term. Admitting that, for the reasons before stated, the differences observable in the human race are not differences of species, the question still remains, whether they are not aboriginal created varieties, and not simple deviations from one parent stock, induced by accidental and external causes.

We have said that the man of the old world presents three distinct types of form and colour: the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Negro,—in colour, the white, the yellow, and the black; in form of skull, the oval, the pyramidal, and the prognathous. These are external and visible physical differ-

ences which strike the observer forcibly at first sight. The apparent connexion between the form of the skulls so intimately connected with the intellectual development and the colour of the skin seems to justify the conclusion that these are distinct varieties of the human species. But more extended observation shows that this connexion is more apparent than real; that, on the one hand, the colour of the skin is a character which varies with locality and climate; that, on the other, the form of the skull exhibits progressive changes with progressive intellectual development; and that neither of these distinctions has that permanency of character which can alone entitle it to be raised to the position of a specific difference. The man of the Caucasian type is, in some portions of Northern Europe, distinguished by his elevated forehead, his fair skin, blue eyes, and light or sandy hair—the “blue-eyed Saxon,” or the “red-haired Dane.” In the south of Europe, the same type presents itself with a swarthy, brownish complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes; and, in the plains of Hindostan, combines, with the elevated forehead of the denizen of cultivated Europe, a skin whose colour varies from a dark brown to a black scarcely less intense than that of the Negro races. Among the Indo-Germanic races, then, connected not merely by structural characters, but, as will be shown hereafter, so intimately related by community of languages as to be clearly derivable from the same common stock, every shade of colour, from the fairest Saxon to the darkest Hindoo, is to be found among their tribes. The great Semitic race, to whom belongs a language varying from that of the above-named races in radical or structural character, but indisputably by their physical characters belonging to the same Caucasian stock, exhibit a similar variety in the colour of the skin. The Jew, whose lineage and genealogy are stamped upon his countenance, and traceable in his family history and social habits, is, in Germany and Poland, as fair in complexion as his Indo-Germanic neighbours: in his native seat, in Palestine, of a dark, swarthy hue, he has become, since his settlement on the shores of India, as dark as the darkest Hindoo races by whom he is surrounded, but from intermixture with whom, his religion and his traditions have effectually preserved him.

Whiteness of the skin is not, therefore, permanently, or under all circumstances, connected with the elevated forehead of the Caucasian type.

On the other hand, in Africa, the true home of the Negro race, the receding forehead and projecting jaw, the prognathous type of skull so marked in some of the African tribes, is not always in connexion with the jet black colour of the typical Negro. The Joloffs, a tribe of jet black Negroes inhabiting the countries between the rivers Senegal or Gambia, are robust and well made, and have regular and even pleasing features. The people of the Hansa, in the interior of Soudan, are described by travellers as having open, fine countenances, though they are a woolly-haired race, whose skin is of the Negro blackness.

Among the Kafir tribes who occupy so vast an extent of Southern Africa, the colour of the skin varies from black, through every intermediate shade, to a light brown no darker than the colour of the Hottentot. In many of them the features approach the European form, but in the conformation of the skull, the most important character, they associate themselves with the generality of the Negro race.

The woolly hair of the Negro, so remarkable

a characteristic when viewed in connexion with a jet-black skin, a receding forehead, thick lips, and flattened nostrils, is found to possess as little of permanency of character as either the form of the skull or the colour of the skin, when its value as a characteristic mark of type is accurately investigated. The Fanti race, the general inhabitants of the Gold Coast, of a black colour, are said, by Barbet, to have long curled hair, reaching down to the shoulders. In the Makenama Negro tribes of the Mosambique coast, the hair is not woolly, but rather frizzled, hanging in long slender tails, as is the case with the people of Madagascar. The same variety of the woolly hair of the Negro is seen in the Papua Negroes of the islands of New Guinea and the adjoining groups. The Negroes of Congo are said to have black, curly, and sometimes even red hair. The Bechuana Kafirs, of a light brown complexion, with elevated features, and an almost European cast of countenance, have true woolly hair, while other tribes of the great Kafir family, of a much darker complexion, have, some the separate tufts of woolly hair seen among the Hottentots, while in others it is much longer, departs from the woolly character, and evinces an inclination to become straight. A careful consideration of such and a multitude of similar instances of variety in physical characters among the African races, leads to the conclusion that the dark coloured natives of Africa are not to be classed together as a distinct race of men, separated from all others by permanent and well marked characters, either of complexion, hair, features, or figure. The Negro type, in the strict and perfect application of the word—by which we mean the combination of the several physical peculiarities above mentioned in their most intense form—is not, perhaps, to be found in any one tribe of the African races. On the other hand, each of those physical characters, which combined would together make up the true Negro type, displays a tendency to pass, by degrees, into forms approximating to those belonging to a different type. The jet black colour of the skin becomes brown, the woolly hair frizzled, then curly, and almost or entirely straight, the forehead rises, the nose becomes elevated and straight, the projection of the jaws diminishes, and the character of the countenance becomes more and more Caucasian in its type.

It is impossible, in the limits of this paper, to do more than most cursorily touch upon a very few of the leading points of this very extensive subject. We have taken the Negro and the Caucasian man as the extreme points in the scale, and briefly shown that the differences between them in form, colour, and some other physical characters, broad and distinctly marked as they are when viewed at these extreme points, become gradually less distinct and less strongly marked, the more extended the circle of observation, the wider the range, over which those differences are spread. We shall next, as briefly, touch upon the question whether these differences between the two varieties can reasonably be attributed to the operation of external causes.

(To be continued.)

Watson's Ercalenta, or Habitual Constipation and Indigestion cured without Medicine. Warton and Co.

The purpose of this work is the very rational one of endeavouring to convince the reader's judgment that his health may be better preserved by attending to his eating and drinking, and by taking plenty of exercise, than by pouring into his stomach a quantity of poisonous drugs which make more diseases than they cure.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Island of Sardinia; including Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sardinians, &c. &c. By JOHN WARRE TYNDALE, A.M., Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London, 1849. Bentley.

WE must begin with finding fault, although we shall conclude with praising; but we cannot contemplate these three volumes of unusually close print, devoted to one small island, without lamenting that the author should not have more consulted the convenience of his readers, than the fulness of his own stores of information. Travels in a land so little known to the English public as Sardinia, especially by so competent an observer as Mr. TYNDALE, would have proved a most attractive title, if they had been comprised in a single volume; but the prospect of three is so formidable to everybody in these days of abundant print and little leisure, that it will, we fear, deter from the enterprise of their perusal many who would gladly have adventured on a shorter task. There is another objection, which may sound oddly, and yet is true: it is too learned a work. Such stores of antiquarian and classic lore as Mr. TYNDALE has lavished upon these pages will not be appreciated by the book buyers and readers of our time, who look for amusement as well as information in travels, and, indeed, almost require that they should have the attractions of a novel. Nothing of this, however, is attempted by Mr. TYNDALE. He approaches his subject in the most serious mood, armed with a library of authorities, scrutinizes the island of Sardinia with the keen eye of an antiquarian, and indulges in dissertations innumerable on the objects he discovers which have the signs of age upon them; while, it must be confessed, animate nature, the living people, have but a secondary place in his regards, and a comparatively trifling record in his note-book.

It will be gathered from this description of it, that Mr. TYNDALE's *Sardinia* is a work constructed rather for reference than for reading; and, as such, it will be a valuable accession to the library of topography, and will live, doubtless, long after more popular and pleasing books have been read and forgotten. It is at least a substantial product of a well stored mind: it has been prepared with wondrous diligence of research; it has been elaborated in the study, and not merely sketched by the wayside. Three years of toil have been devoted to its completion; and it must, therefore, be taken as intended to be a work for posterity, and not a mere contribution to the pastime of the hour.

It would be manifestly impossible to convey, within the compass of a literary journal, the faintest conception of its multifold contents; and even extract will fail to exhibit the author's real merits, for the very passages best adapted for our columns are precisely those in which Mr. TYNDALE is least successful. His learning we must leave to be gathered in his pages by those whom it may interest: we must turn, for the few specimens we can afford to glean at this busy season, to the lighter and more readable portions of his travels, which are calculated to please and interest alike the unlearned and the learned.

We have heard from Mr. WHITESIDE, in a previous number of *THE CRITIC*, how lawyers are paid and treated in Italy. Let us see how they are esteemed in Sardinia, premising that the country is overrun with them, there being no less than 350 barristers at Cagliari alone!

and a Sardinian author affirms that "there is scarcely a spot where there is not an attorney, and in the large villages there are enough of them to make a college!"

The fees of the town attorney are about one-fifth higher than those of the village practitioner; and for the drawing up of a will, or making a settlement where the property amounts to from 4*l.* to 38*l.*, the charge of the town attorney is 4*s.* 7*d.*; from 38*l.* to 192*l.* it is 11*s.* 6*d.*; and above 192*l.* about 1*l.* 2*s.* 7½*d.*; and it increases in a similar ratio. A marriage settlement in which the property is from 4*l.* to 9*l.* costs 1*s.* 6½*d.*; where it is from 9*l.* to 15*l.* it is 4*s.* 7½*d.*; from 15*l.* to 38*l.* it is 6*s.* 2*d.*; and from 38*l.* to 77*l.* it amounts to about 9*s.* 3*d.*; and so on in proportion.

The physicians are even worse paid.

The fees of physicians and surgeons are fixed by a tariff of the 28th November, 1841. The price of a simple visit is 9*d.*; increasing, according to the time of day or night, distance, and length of visit, to about 8*s.* In surgery, the fees vary according to the degree of the surgeon, as well as the time, distance, and operation, from 6*d.* to 8*s.*; and in the *Bassa Chirurgia* degree (the phlebotomists and dentists), the extent of whose occupations are defined by law, petty distinctions in the fees are actually made between bleeding in the arm, hand, or foot, the prices being 2½*d.*, 3*d.*, and 4½*d.* respectively; and it also costs 2½*d.* to have a tooth extracted, and 4½*d.* to have a root or fang of it removed;—according to the imperial laws of the King of Sardinia! Nothing can be more ridiculous than the minutiae and regulations of this tariff; prices being fixed in it for all sorts of contingencies, and which are subject to just as many modes of evasion, abuse, and trickery.

A curious scene is

THE TUNNY FISHERY.

During the boiling process a quantity of oil and grease is extracted, and rising to the surface is ladled off into vats, from whence it is taken and mixed with the rest, which is obtained by a screw-press from the bones. The oil fetches a high price, being very valuable for machinery, and the bones would serve for manure; but the trouble would alarm the Sardes, no less than the idea of such an innovation in their agriculture, and consequently they are thrown away to decay on the shore.

There is hardly a part in the tunny not available for some purpose, but a curious value is set on particular pieces. The most esteemed in the upper part is a streak under the chin, called the "stringhe," in the body the highest price is obtained for the "sorra" or flank, and it seems to have maintained its celebrity, for various ancient authors speak of it as a "dainty to be eaten by the gods." In the lower part the "netta" is considered a delicacy; but in purchasing any of these pieces in the market, some experience is requisite to select them. My inexperienced palate was incompetent to appreciate the delicacies which appeared at my host's table, even with every advantage of cooking. They formed a complete course of fish, but were so disguised by sauces and the various modes of dressing that it was impossible to say whether they were fish, flesh, or fowl. Pliny, lib. ix., chap. 18, in mentioning these highly-prized morsels, alludes also to the unpleasant consequences of indigestion arising from eating them. *Hi mentratim cæsi, cervicæ et abdomine commendantur, atque clidid recenti fuintaxat, et tum quoque gravi ructu.*

The spawn salted and pressed into flat cake, about an inch thick, called *Bottarghe*, and served up at table in slices, with oil, is delicious; nor did I ever taste any caviar in Russia superior to it. M. Valery erroneously states the *bottarghe* to be "*œufs mis en bouteille*," evidently imagining *bottarghe* to have some reference to *bottiglie*—bottles.

A general belief prevails among the fishermen that the tunny, from its dolish stupid character, has no brains, and several heads were opened very carefully for me at my request, but in my ignorance of comparative anatomy I certainly was not able to find any. There is no doubt of the existence of a small quantity, but as in some fishes it does not constitute a 2000th part of their bulk, and varies so much in different species, the erroneous idea of its non-existence in the tunny may have easily arisen.

The peculiarity of the shape of the head will strike any observer, and a craniologist might easily work himself into a belief that gourmandism and amativeness were the only organs developed on their skulls. It would, at least, correspond with their actions, for the sight of a female tunny, in the breeding season, or of a shoal of sardines, makes them rush at and break through the nets to obtain the objects of their affections, when nothing else could induce them to leave their prison.

Mr. TYNDALE bears pleasing testimony to the

HOSPITALITY OF THE SARDES.

Though aware of the Sarde character for hospitality it far exceeded my expectations; one-eighth of the letters were neither requisite nor delivered, and my only embarrassment was the choice and decision as to the party to whom I should apply for board and lodging.

The traveller is sent from village to village with a note, or merely a verbal message, either being sufficient to insure a hearty welcome; and the following is one among my many opportunities of testing their hospitality. On arriving at a village, and while my servant had taken in my letter of introduction, one of the inmates of the house informed me of a death which had taken place in the family a few days previously; and while expressing my regret at having presented the letter, and apologizing for having intruded under such circumstances the master of the house came out and insisted on my staying with him. I pleaded my ignorance of the melancholy event, and declined accepting his offer; but, perceiving the refusal was solely out of delicacy, he drew up, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed "No, no; though we have lost a relative, we shall gain a friend. Her death is a misery to us, and your presence will not make it greater; but not to show hospitality to a stranger, would be a reproach to us, and would indeed increase our unhappiness." * * *

But, however great may be the attention and kindness of one's host, certain disadvantages and inconveniences attend this mode of travelling; for after starting on a journey at daybreak, the fatigues of ten or twelve hours on horseback make one little inclined for the formalities of a reception, with the etiquette required on those occasions; and a host's anxiety to please and amuse often amounts to something more than a superfluity, and even to an embarrassment, if one has any pursuit or occupation beyond the mere passing away the evening.

Full many a time had one to appear delighted with and reiterate thanks for attentions shown by the family, which the heart tacitly wished to escape. The superlative groaning with the weight of viands of every description, was a necessary evidence to prove a welcome; but even a long day's journey and a tolerable appetite, by no means insure the requisite capacity and complement of eating copiously of all of them. Full many a time was I denounced as a bad guest for not eating at one repeat what would really have sufficed for two days' meals; and as a Sarde's capabilities in that respect are by no means inferior to his sentiments of hospitality, it was not easy to prove that my appreciation of the latter ought not to be tested by my inability to compete with them in the former. Dishes after dishes seemed so many incarnations of the demons of nightmare and dyspepsia and apoplexy, and the wines to be the liquefied regions from whence they came.

The lateness of the supper hour is another objection, and "beauty sleep" before midnight is little known in their computation of time. Frequently between eleven and twelve have I heard the summons to proceed to the table, with a mind and body equally unprepared for an hour's gastronomical campaign. On one occasion, having proved myself a first-rate guest by tasting some eight or ten dishes, and rejoicing in my own prowess and their removal from the table, my host exclaimed, "Well, as you have eaten nothing, you shall have something more acceptable and agreeable." At the words, "*piu grato e piacevole*," my heart yearned for a bed—rest and quiet being my only interpretation of the expression; and the conversation turning on that subject led me into a belief that we were about to retire from the table. But the door soon opened, and the servant, instead of bringing the anticipated bed lamps, rushed violently in with an immense dish, which by-the-bye he nearly upset into my lap, as if it had been predestined to my particular share. A whole roasted wild boar lay before me! Silently sighing at the approaching labour, I instinctively, but unconsciously, put my

hand to my stomach, as an act of defence and pity; but my host unfortunately perceiving and misinterpreting my gesture into one of pleasure, exclaimed, "Ah! how glad I am that I happened to have the *cinghiale* to-day; I will give you a good slice of it" ("*unpezzone*"), and suiting the action to the word, he plunged in his knife and fork, and before I could recover my astonishment, a plate was before me, with a portion of the animal which would have sufficed the combined appetites of six Germans at a *Jagdschmaus*. All excuse, apology, and entreaty to be relieved of forty-nine parts of it were in vain; and though in eating the fiftieth I did contrive to offer up a tribute to my host's feelings and hospitality, it was one of the strongest appeals to self-sacrifice ever made by a victimised stomach; and during my restless, sleepless, night, I could do little else but exclaim, with Juvenal:

"Quanta est gula, quæ sibi totos
Ponit apros,—animal propter convivia natum!"

It frequently happened that my hosts invited a few friends to spend the evening with them to enable them to see what species of the genus *homo* an Englishman is; for most of them, never having seen one, were curious to ascertain this point of natural history; and if the exhibition only afforded them a hundredth part of the amusement that it did to me, they must have been highly entertained. Among the various instances of reciprocal astonishment at each other's customs was the following:—On arriving at a friend's house, and retiring to my room after a short conversation with the family, I sent my servant, so as not to derange the household by such an unusual demand, for some jugs of water and the largest tub he could find; but while in the midst of my ablutions after a long and hot ride, the door suddenly opened, and my host entered, with four or five visitors in his rear, who, nothing daunted at my nudity, were formally presented to me, and wrapping myself up in my dressing-gown, I had thus to receive their compliments and the usual felicitations. Finding the floor wet and other evidences of washing, he asked what I was about,—imagining at first, from my nakedness, that I was merely going to bed for half an hour's rest, and adopting their custom of sleeping without any clothes; but in replying that I was only taking a kind of cold bath, there was a general outcry of surprise.—"How—what—why,—wash at this time of the evening?—wash in cold water!—what a quantity of it!—not necessary—very dangerous—what is the good of it? Do all your countrymen do such things? Are they very dirty in England? We don't wash in that way—why do you?" It was impossible to answer their confused questions; what to English eyes and ears would be considered indelicate, was, to them, a matter of harmless curiosity and innocence. After some delay my new acquaintances took the hint that the levee had better be held down stairs, where, on my re-appearance, the same questions were repeated, and even alluded to by the ladies, who were equally at a loss to account for this extravagant use of water.

The whole party had evidently been canvassing the subject, *guttatim*—drop by drop; and, by this act, one more was added to the many charges against our nation for their apparent eccentricities and peculiarities in foreign countries. In most houses admitting of an extra room, one is set apart for the guests,—the "*hospitale cubiculum*" of the Romans,—ready and open to all strangers; and its sanctity (except when washing) is as great as in former days. The guest is generally expected to give some little trifle in money to the servant of the house on parting; but it would be a high offence—as I found on several occasions—to offer the host, however humble and poor, any payment for the expense or trouble he may have incurred.

He found this national trait wanting only in a single instance.

The only instance of inhospitality arose from a mistake, and is equally illustrative of the people. While wandering in some of the wildest parts, I was prevented arriving at a certain village in the evening, and obliged to halt at another, a few miles short of the proposed point. Having no letter of introduction, I went to the priest's house, and sent up my guide to ask the favour of a night's lodging, and, after waiting some minutes, he returned with the answer that the padre did not choose to admit me. This unexpected refusal induced me to inquire minutely of my guide the

exact words of the priests, and my cavallante being equally surprised at the answer, elicited, after much cross-questioning, that the priest had shown considerable suspicion and fear as to who I was. During this private confabulation, the reverend man, peeping out of his glassless windows, had seen and heard that I was neither Sarde nor Piedmontese; and having overtaken me a few yards from his house, he with great courtesy inquired if it was I who was in want of a night's shelter. Feeling a little annoyed at what had occurred, I replied hastily and imprudently, that I was the person, but was no longer in want of it, and was going to a more hospitable house. At the words "me ne vado ad una casa piu ospitabile," his eyes flashed, the blood rose to his face, with a modulated voice he began a series of apologies for his mistake, and seizing my bridle amid a volubility of incomprehensible excuses, he led my horse back to his door, entreating me not to hurt his feelings by going away; and, after nearly pulling me off my saddle, led me into his house. His apparently cold and hot fit of hospitality was subsequently explained by there having lately been some cases of vendetta in the neighbourhood, and that, on seeing my guide (whose character by-the-bye was not immaculate on that point), he had suspected us to be fuorusciti, with some sinister design of obtaining a shelter under his roof. His conduct during the evening proved the sincerity of his assertions, by frequently reproaching himself for his unintentional rudeness, and mine quite disarming him of his fears, we had a comfortable supper, and spent the greater part of the night in conversation; local anecdotes being exchanged for a description of England, of which he was most anxious to hear some particulars. His inquiries were a satisfactory proof of his geographical knowledge; that England was an island beyond terra-firma (Piedmont) he had not dreamt of in his philosophy, and wished to know whether the word Britannia meant a king or a town! Most of his observations showed a similar ignorance; but nothing exceeded his delight on the subject of tea, which, though he had heard of, he had never seen or tasted. Having a small quantity, I made him some, and he drank seven or eight large cups full in succession; his servant being no less surprised at the beverage than at her master's deep potations, and indicating by the expression on her countenance a strong suspicion that I was poisoning him. His incredulity about tea coming from China was immovable; and, after learning where that country was, he told me somewhat indignantly, that, "though he was not a literato, yet he knew better than to believe that people sent great ships merely to fetch dried leaves, however delicious they were, from such a distance." We parted early in the morning; he, delighted with my valedictory gift of some of the dried leaves for his future use, and I, highly pleased with his hospitality.

This is the condition of

SARDINIAN AGRICULTURE.

The Sarde plough, especially that used in the Southern districts, is interesting to the antiquarian, as corresponding in shape and parts with that used by the ancients, and as described by Roman and Greek authors. Such is its simplicity and lightness, that it is frequently carried by the labourers on their shoulders; and when taken to and fro by oxen, is reversed according to the Roman usage.

The oxen are yoked by the head and horns,—a mode adopted also in many other countries; but here the cruelty is aggravated by the unequal strain and by the manner of driving them; for the cord being fastened to the off-horn, and passing round the forehead, so galls the ear that it is generally raw. The waggons, of an equally simple and rude construction, are precisely the "plaustrum" of the Romans; having heavy solid wheels on a revolving axis, with the usual accompaniment of immense nails driven into the external circumference. They resemble those used in Valencia, Calabria, and other countries which have inherited but not divested themselves of Roman customs; and so averse are the people to making any alteration or improvement, that a law was lately passed to prevent the entrance of these primitive machines into the principal towns, or being used on the high roads; a measure absolutely requisite for the latter, but the prejudice for the ancient régime is still hept up in the rural districts.

Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands. By CHARLES TERRY. London, 1849. Pickering.

This is a sort of book for which we have a great regard. There is no formality about it; no words are wasted in preliminaries; the author does not deem it necessary to occupy half an hour of his reader's time in describing the preparations for the journey, the railroad to the coast, the crossing of the channel, and the ride through Belgium, with all his feelings and reflections thereupon, as is the custom with professional tourists. It is manifest that he did not even travel with the *malice prepense* of writing and publishing. He wrote for his own amusement, and, having written, he was pleased with the performance, and his friends were pleased also; he showed the manuscript to a bookseller of sound judgment, who approved, and so he became an author. Mr. TERRY plunges into the heart of his subject at once; and taking us east, north, and south, by skips and jumps, he tells us, in a peculiarly pleasant manner, of the most remarkable objects which he there witnessed, leaving to our imaginations his intermediate wanderings and sight-seeings. In this manner he conducts us to Africa, Spain, Ceylon, Egypt, France, Turkey, Italy, Sicily, Russia, Greece, Switzerland, Germany, Malta, India. Nor, for all this, has he imposed upon the purse and time of the book-buyer two or three bulky tomes, with a charge of some thirty or forty shillings, as, with such variety of wanderings, any other of our tourists would have done; but it is contained in one volume, of modest magnitude and trifling cost, a cabinet book, with beautiful little vignettes into the bargain, illustrative of the subjects treated of; and altogether it is a most seasonable and welcome publication, admirably adapted for a Christmas present, and for Christmas fireside reading. Its manner, and the sort of amusement that may be anticipated from it, will be shown by a few specimens, which will be its best recommendation. We shall follow his example, and conduct our readers, without preface, from country to country.

Hey! for India!

THE DEATH OF A BRAHMIN.

Yesterday morning, one of the sons of an intimate Indian friend came into my room, in a flood of tears, to tell me that his father had been seized with paralysis, and that he was being taken to the river side, according to the Hindoo custom.

I hastily dressed, and accompanied him in his carriage, and we soon overtook the whole party. It was a mournful sight. The old man, still alive, was borne by several attendants on a kind of low bedstead, and all the numerous male relatives and servants followed on foot and in vehicles.

They halted on the banks of the Hooghly, previous to taking him to a small house on the opposite side, the usual resort for the wealthy in their last moments.

Some of the family wished me to see him, and I shall never forget the scene. They formed a circle round him. I stooped down to catch his eye; the sun was rising, a northerly wind was blowing, it was a fresh morning—all around was life, yet in the midst was death near at hand. I still held his hand, until at length he saw me, knew me, and spoke to me for the last time.

They took him across the river; and as soon as I returned to my house, I wrote a note to my friend their European doctor, to ask if anything could be done for the Baboo. The following is a copy of his reply:

"My dear Terry,—You may depend on it the Brahmins will not part with the old man's body, whatever becomes of his soul. I went to his house this morning about seven o'clock, and was told that he had been taken to the Ghaut on the other side, being the holy place, and there would not be a chance of doing him any good, unless I were to sit down all day by him, and with my own hand give him his medicine and food; for

all that his relations dare give him is Gunga gal and mud (Ganges water). I had some hopes of him last night, had they persevered; but the only request the poor old man made to me, when he recovered sense enough to recognize me and to speak, was, 'Don't let me die at home; let me go to the river.' So you see there is no use in such cases in forcing medical advice on them, and I am persuaded they neither want nor will allow it."

In the afternoon, I went over and met the doctor there. The sick man still lived. He wished to give him a little medicine, but there was not a glass to be had within half a mile!

This morning I went over to pay a last visit to the poor old Baboo. The Brahmins had taken him to the water's edge, and there he lay, on a little mattress, on the soft mud, panting, with nothing but a little thin muslin over his body, and his head bare. The rays of the sun fell on him hot enough to have injured a strong healthy person. Three Brahmins continued to vociferate the names of goddesses in his ears, and to give him Ganges water. This mixture of superstition and cruelty disconcerted me; but, as the closing scene approached, the family begged me to retire, which I did. A few minutes afterwards, amidst one loud cry to the goddesses, the Baboo died.

It is impossible to convey to another the whole scene as it occurred. To a Christian, it was a very painful sight; and my intimacy with the party made it the more so to me.

In a few hours the Baboo's body was burnt, and nothing remained but to entertain a great number of Brahmins, and incur the usual heavy expenses attendant on the death of a Brahmin of high caste and acknowledged position.

Away to Odessa, and a graphic picture of

QUARANTINE.

At ten o'clock we disembarked in the Quarantine harbour, and walked on towards our place of imprisonment for fourteen days: it was very cold, and a mantle of snow was thrown over all around us.—Dec. 18, 1846.

—Our party consisted of the following: a Comte de V—, his lady, their little son, and myself, in the first class; a Russian officer, and a Greek, in the second; and in the third class, a dozen or twenty of all sorts, including servants, Polish Jews, sailors, and a criminal, &c. We have made up our minds to expect a disagreeable sojourn in the Quarantine; and for the information of my friends, I shall amuse myself by keeping a journal. We passed the gates of the Quarantine, and were conducted to an apartment, where we had to submit to the spolio. We were kept three hours and a half, waiting for the doctor and doctress, all of us being cold, hungry, and very discontented. At length these personages arrived, and all the first and second class passengers were ushered into a room, where we had every bit of money and jewellery taken from us and put into water (except our watches). After this, all the men retired, and the countess, with her servant, went through the spolio with the doctress. Then we men were all called in (including the criminal), for the same operation; and after being stripped entirely, we were passed into an adjoining room, there to put on clothes provided for us. I could not forbear laughing, although tolerably disgusted with my strange dress: my under clothing was of a very rough and scanty character, my thin boots of an enormous size, my trousers big enough for Dan. Lambert himself, their fashion and marks of use denoting their descent from a long past generation; and they gave me a great deal of trouble, owing to the scarcity of buttons; indeed, had it not been for a large dressing-gown covering over all the foregoing, I must have suffered considerable additional inconvenience. I was then roofed in with a thick cotton pyramidal night-cap, which completed the dress provided for me. I found that the countess had been obliged to unplait her long beautiful hair, because the doctress chose to insist upon its being false; envious perhaps herself, for she could only boast of a little severe topknot, and that made up of all that could be gathered together from all quarters of her uninteresting, sour-faced head. It was getting dark when we were marched off to a six-roomed house. I thought that I, being a first-class passenger, should be, of course, similarly provided with an apartment; and as I hate rushing to procure selfishly anything better than others, I made no haste or fuss; but I paid dearly for my forbearance. The Russian and the Greek pos-

sed themselves of the best rooms. The Count took the three which had been properly set apart for his party, and I was left to an apartment which forms a sort of passage, through which there is an incessant passing to and fro from the three converging doors. In my prospective disagreeables, I was greatly relieved by a kind invitation from the Count and Countess to join their table, which I gladly accepted. The restaurateur sent us in a better dinner than we expected. I had scarcely tasted a morsel the whole day, and relished my dinner uncommonly. Time passed on, and I retired to visit the apartment I supposed was being furnished for me; but to my disgust, it contained nothing whatever but half a dozen chairs. There was no one who could speak either French, Italian, German, English, Greek, or Turkish to be met with during the day; and now, as it was past five o'clock, nothing was procurable. I felt, as may be imagined, greatly indignant, and resolved to write to the British Consul the moment I could get pen and paper; but all was too late for this evening; so, after storming a great deal, I got a wooden bench from some out-kitchen, and the Count somehow spared me a mattress and coverlet. Having turned up the end of the mattress, and made a pillow of it, I laid down, and was as warm as could be expected in a fireless room, with the thermometer eighteen degrees Fah. below freezing point. My companions in the room were the two guards and the Russian officer's servant. I was very tired, and although I was refreshed by sleeping, my hard bed made my bones ache; but this is a small evil, and one I shall soon be accustomed to.—Dec. 19.—I got pen and paper at mid-day, and wrote at once to the consul, to assist me in procuring common humanity. I showed the commissary the folded letter I had written, and in half an hour came a mattress, &c. We find the Greek useful, as he understands Russian, and a little English and French, and he obligingly translates for us occasionally. He is a dark, vulgar person, with a blotched face; but he is civil, and we are indebted to him. The Russian officer is a rat-eyed unprepossessing person, with a hauteur which would drive quiet people where they would like to be, namely, a long distance from him. I am truly glad to join the French Count and his lady, who are very agreeable people. The cold continues at about eighteen degrees Fah. below freezing point, and we find that no coals are allowed in our stoves after three o'clock. The Count has the greater reason to be enraged at this, having wife and child with him; and he has written to the Governor, to know really if we are to be compelled to submit to this barbarity. A little circumstance occurred to-day which I must notice. The Russian officer's servant would amuse himself by promenading in one of the Count's rooms till he was sent out. His master heard of it, and set to at the poor fellow, savagely beating him. I was glad to know the nature of this tyrant, as I was about to insist on the servant sleeping in his master's room; but as I suspect he would be forced to sleep at the entrance, I cannot make up my mind to cause his lying where a dog would shiver. We talk, laugh, and smoke our chibouks; but the moment this quarantine à la Russe is the subject, we lose our tempers.—Dec. 20.—Although Sunday, the Count's baggage has been unpacked, and spread out for fumigation; then the Russian's, then the Greek's, and lastly, I was called to unlock my trunks. My things were soon bundled out; every paper was separated, every letter unfolded, every book opened. I had a box of Seidlitz powders, and was amused to see every one of them unfolded. I wanted a little bottle, and they gave it to me, but kept the cork to be fumigated; they wished to open my swimming-belt, but abstained at my request; however, nothing I could do would prevent them from smoking a few locks of hair I had carefully kept by me as keepsakes. We got our razors to-day, and managed to look a little more civilized. I keep my temper as well as I can, but I see they are making my room a place for dirty dishes, &c., and servants' dining and sleeping-room, so that I shall not manage to keep myself quiet much longer. It is incredible to me that such treatment should be permitted, where comforts and charges for them are under their own control. Just as I laid down on my mattress, I was surprised to find that the letter I had written to the Consul was under the sheet. It was not sealed; and I hope the quarantine people had it translated to them, and learned my honest opinion of this detestable place.—Dec. 21.—The Count has gained permission to have a fire to a later hour. We have a few books, and

friends are sending us in some comforts; thus we amuse ourselves better, though we have still ample reason for complaint. The restaurateur provides us well, and we make hearty dinners at three o'clock; moreover, I have now a little table in my room, and feel more comfortable

Here is a sketch of

THE POPE.

If a good name may be rejoiced in by its possessor, few rulers have so great reason for joy as Pius the Ninth at this moment.

Anecdotes are told on all sides of his exalted Christian feeling. Mercy and peace appear at last to have found a willing advocate in him. I doubt if I should have gone across the road to see the late Gregory, but I am most anxious to see his worthy successor.

It is reported that his Holiness is not liked by the Cardinals generally; the wholesome example of economy he has given them is construed in portending an innovation on their earthly ease and luxury. It is said that the Pope knows this; and that should any or all prove rebellious, they would find instant quarters in the castle of St. Angelo.

My wish to see the Pope was soon gratified. He is a benevolent looking man, with a quick eye, but not so penetrating and intelligent as I expected, with much more of the peculiar aspect of the Romish priest about him than I was prepared or wished to see; but his good deeds, particularly that forgiving mercy which he exhibited to a host of political prisoners, makes me glad to have seen him. May the same sacred virtues adorn his pontificate to its close, and may he, in his old age, be blessed with that peace which he has endeavoured to impart to others.

What a change since this was written! (in 1846.)

One of the most striking portions of the volume is his account of a visit to the Benedictine Monastery of Catania. It is too long to extract entire, but we will take from it a few of its most interesting passages. The party arrived after an extremely laborious journey from Palermo.

While we remained in the carriage awaiting our welcome, I had time to look around, and was most agreeably surprised at the princely place we were hoping to enter. I saw a good many eyes upon us, and no wonder, for we were anything but Benedictines in appearance. We bore the dusty marks on our dress, and the fatigue in our countenances of nearly forty-eight hours' Sicilian travelling. Our Italian friend still parleyed, and stood at the handsome entrance with the Prior, who did not look altogether pleased with the prospect of receiving us. Perhaps the three drab "wide awake" hats we wore did not recommend us much; however, in a short time we alighted, but we Englishmen fancied we were not welcomed in the way we expected, and felt rather uncomfortable. We ascended the fine marble staircase, and were conducted to a suite of apartments. Here were a lot of servants busily getting everything in order for us, but still we did not feel at home, and were seriously thinking of making our escape to an hotel in the town; and, moreover, my English friend was knocked up with fatigue, and was so unwell that he was only fit for bed. In a short time some capital coffee was brought in, and refreshed us, and we then took off our dusty clothes, and retired for a few hours' rest.

Their reception was very hospitable—an excellent dinner, and good wine, with Etna smoking in the distance, and their windows surrounded with flowering shrubs and orange trees, making the air fragrant; the monks were merry, and some of them very intelligent, and in the evening capital music and singing made the visit a delightful one. The eye was not less gratified than the ear and the palate.

I awoke after a good night's rest. Strange feelings came again over me, when looking round my new quarters, and scanning them more closely than I had done overnight. There was a crucifix over my pillow on the wall, an old painting of a bearded saint hanging up on the opposite side facing me; and these, with old, sombre oak furniture, seemed in good keeping with what one

would expect to find in a monastery. My friend I was glad to find better, and we breakfasted alone, as the monks prefer their usual habit, or rule, of taking their meals in their large dining-hall. One or two of them showed me over their fine church, an imposing building, and very large. Several fine paintings adorn the altars, which are mostly of beautiful marble. The magnificent organ is behind the high altar, and with its gilded ornaments, reaches the ceiling. There are no frescoes, and the church looks a little bare from being white-washed; but it has one great advantage, viz., that it is kept beautifully clean. To-day, we were requested to order anything we pleased for our table, and told that all that the monastery could provide is at our command.

Among other objects of interest there was a magnificent organ.

I had looked forward to this evening, the prior and monks having promised that we should hear their splendid organ. It was about eight o'clock when we entered the church. The high altar and organ were lit up, and seats were placed for us just within the large altar railing. One of the monks is a very skilful performer and composer, and I was glad when we saw him take his place at the keys. I soon separated myself from our party, and retired to a dark, distant part of the church, where alone I could undisturbedly enjoy the music. I was at the side of a pillar, with the illumined altar in the distance, backed by the beautiful organ. I fell into a reverie, and probably I shall never forget the peculiar feelings which such music, in such a place, and at such an hour, was calculated to produce, and did so. I have rarely heard strains so exquisite as those which our friend sent forth from this superb instrument.

A visit to the abbot concluded this round of monkish hospitality.

An invitation came for us to dine with the abbot at his country residence, on our way to Mount Etna, and we started in a carriage full of ourselves and some monks. I was curious to see the head of the monastery. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to avoid exposure to the mid-day sun, which is very hot in this autumnal month. The abbot, our Italian friend's uncle, kindly welcomed us. He is a short, good-natured looking man, somewhat corpulent, of about sixty-five. We strolled about with him in a neighbouring village, keeping up the conversation freely to our mutual amusement. He rather puzzled us for some time, by asking, "Why we gave ourselves the trouble to come so far to visit Mount Etna, when a volcano better worth seeing was so much nearer, in fact, close to us, in Ireland?" We assured him that we knew of no volcano in Ireland; but he still persisted in it, and was astonished that we had not seen it. We soon found that he was making a geographical confusion between Iceland and Ireland, and this we had no small difficulty in satisfactorily explaining.

In conclusion, we give Mr. Terry's summary of his experiences.

I have sometimes been afraid of being seized with a travelling mania; but I can truly say that I am in no wise affected with it; for the more I have seen of other lands and nations, the more have I become an affectionate admirer of my own.

Unquestionably I have had great sights, and sources of varied instruction and enjoyment laid open to me in the countries I have happened to visit. I have looked upon Nature in many varied forms. Her Alps, Apennines, Atlas, Carpathian, Etna, and Vesuvius; I have passed over the plains of Russia's Steppe, the Desert of Egypt, through the Valleys of Styria and the Tyrol, and over the bright waters of a Lake in Switzerland. I have become familiar, more or less, with many of the famous rivers of the Old World; the Rhone, the Arno, the Tiber, the Nile, the Dniester, the Danube, the Vistula, the Rhine, the Hooghly, &c. I have sailed on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, Mediterranean, Black, and Red Seas; now in the noble and rapid steamer, now in the frail canoe and Masouleh boat.

I have felt the cold of Russia's winter, and the heat of India's summer; witnessed the snow-storm of the North, and the simoom of the Desert; sailed on calm, unruffled waters, and become the sport of mighty winds and waves. I have been deafened by the thunders of the storm, and charmed by the delight and peacefulness

of quiet; sometimes treading the earth's wildest, least cultivated, and almost untrodden districts; sometimes those most improved by the thriving hand of civilization; meditating at one time amidst volcanic devastation; anon amongst smiling orange groves and vineyards; here traversing barren wastes, and there enraptured with blooming luxuriance.

I have been among nations of great variety, and observed their religions, from Paganism and Islamism to Christianity; many of their rites and ceremonies; their priests, temples, mosques, cathedrals, churches, monasteries, groves, high places, and cemeteries. I have seen great cities; Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Athens, Cairo, Calcutta, Smyrna, Vienna, Cracow, Munich, &c., and those nearer home.

I have gazed upon the Pope, the Sultan, the Pacha of Egypt, the Ferdinands of Austria and Naples, and other potentates, down to the wild Indian hill-chief, who had scarcely ever beheld an European before.

I have been sledged on the snowy Steppe; borne along in India's palanquin; carried in Sicily's letiga; and have crossed the Desert, perched on the hump of the camel.

I have seen the haunts of the wolf and tiger; have had the fierce looks of the former upon me, and heard the rough notes of the latter at my side. I have watched the soaring eagle, and the loathsome vulture; have killed the venomous snake, and bulletted the hideous alligator.

All these, I am aware, are but a few of the vast variety of scenes that the globe affords to a leisure traveller. For me, they are enough. England is in sight; and I gladly say—Farewell to other lands; let me rejoice in the charms of my own, where exist the highest attractions that the world offers. I shall be glad to hide myself for ever beyond yonder white cliffs.

The Pipe of Repose, or Recollections of Eastern Travel. By ROBERT FERGUSON. London, Ollivier.

THIS volume has two recommendations: it is very small and very graphic. Travellers now-a-days are wont to be as prosy as penny-alinners; and a summer tour of four or five weeks is made the excuse for the impertinent obtrusion of some two or three volumes, each of four or five hundred pages, upon the time and purses of the public, as if the world had nothing else to do but listen to them. Not so Mr. FERGUSON. In his *Pipe of Repose*, he has presented us with a series of striking pictures of Eastern travel, without circumlocution, introduction, or apology; and when he has said his say, he lays down his pen, and makes his bow to the reader; and hence a volume whose brevity commends it to public patronage, no less than the intrinsic worth of its contents.

The author's trip was by the old route, through the Holy Land to Damascus, and Baalbec taken in his return. They are really what they are termed—*recollections* written at home, when scenes and incidents were likely to take their relative positions of importance, and the most vivid to be the most accurate. In accordance with the same design, it is not a continuous narrative, but a collection of chapters, devoted each to a special subject. The style is vigorous and terse. The author is evidently a man of learning and of reflection: he has noted accurately, and he describes vividly. Two or three passages will suffice to prove this.

THE DEAD SEA.

From Bethany we struck into a path a little to the south of the Jericho road, and leading directly to the head of the lake. This was, if possible, even more dreary than the other: on all sides rose peak above peak, blasted and desolate mountains, each like the crater of an extinct volcano. And as I descended into the silent plain of the Dead Sea, the only living creature in sight was a long thin snake, like a whipcord, that, curling itself away among the stones, seemed quite in character with the scene.

But there was nothing gloomy in the colour of the lake itself; on the contrary, it was a deep and beautiful blue; and if those naked rocks around were but covered with foliage, and those barren sands with verdure, it would indeed be a lovely and an enchanting scene. And such it was once, "even as the garden of the Lord, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah."

But as I drew nearer to the water's edge, its character seemed to change, and I perceived how rightly it has received its name. Like the mirror held to the dead man's face, no breath of life dimmed the polished brightness of its surface. The gentle breeze played over it unheeded—there it lay, motionless and dumb, with its blue eye turned up to the naked sun, in a fixed and glassy stare.

The first thing I did was to take a dip in the water, which I found extremely agreeable. To a person unacquainted with swimming, the sensation of being able to lie like a cork upon the surface must feel something akin to the acquisition of a new faculty: the only difficulty I experienced was, that I floated so high out of the water, that I had some trouble in keeping myself straight; being apt, like a little boy's ship that has not its keel in the centre, to turn over upon one side. But in everything there is an art, and by and by I found out the art of lying comfortably upon the Dead Sea: thus I lounged on my luxurious water-bed till I passed into a waking dream; and thoughts from a far land came stealing upon my soul, and I forgot that I was lying upon a grave.

On coming out, and for some time afterwards, I experienced a greasy sensation upon the skin; but did not find any incrustation of salt, as some other travellers have done.

He met a personage not unfrequently found in the East now, such is the favour in which our fair countrywomen are held—

A RUSSIAN COUNTESS.

She was an English lady, now a Russian countess, who possessed the gift of languages in an eminent degree. Russian, French, German, and Italian, she spoke with equal facility; and for aught I know, if the representatives of any other country of Europe had been present, they would have found her equally well prepared for them. A striking contrast to her was an American, who made shift to reply to Brother Charles's inquiries after his invalid companion, by the Latin "Malus est," which, it may be necessary to explain to some of my fair readers, signifies "He is bad" in a moral, and not in a physical sense, as he intended it. The lady above alluded to gave me a rather amusing account of the venerable Baroness Talbot's interview with Mehemet Ali, as related to her by the Pacha himself on her own subsequent introduction to him. Mehemet Ali, on the Baroness being presented, commenced the conversation by asking her, without circumlocution, how old she was. To this she replied, that in Europe it was not considered etiquette for a gentleman to ask a lady her age. "I am aware," the Pacha replied, "that such is the case; but yet, when people arrive at the age of you and me, I think they need not stand upon ceremony." Whereupon they compared ages, and found that there was not a very great difference between them.

We conclude with a picture of Jerusalem.

The approach by the Gaza road is perhaps the least favourable for a first impression of Jerusalem. When, after surmounting one by one the rugged summits of the surrounding mountains, expecting every moment to look down on the Holy city, a bare wall and a Turkish fort sneaked unimposingly into view before me, I must candidly own that I did not experience any of those powerful emotions which a first view of Jerusalem might be expected to awaken. Some people seem to have their feelings in such admirable discipline, that they have but to say to a sensation, "Come," and it comes; but such is not the case with me. Yet to a traveller approaching by almost any other route, when he looks down upon the city, and sees at a glance all the objects which remind him of her ancient glory and present degradation, the sight can scarcely fail to call up sensations of the most vivid description. But the view that I saw reminded me of nothing more than that Jerusalem is a Turkish town of some 15,000 inhabitants.

The sight of one of the first objects which met my eye on entering the city—the words "English Maga-

zine," in large letters, over the door of a shop—was not much calculated to restore my mind to a more congenial tone; and, in truth, I was never, during my stay in Jerusalem, altogether able to overcome the prestige of my first impressions. And in addition to this, so many things are shown which the traveller cannot possibly believe, and so many things which he does not know whether to believe or not, that a general feeling of vague and undefined doubt is apt to cast its shade upon the mind.

EDUCATION.

Kings of England. History for Young Children. London, Mozley. 1848.

A SUCCINCT and pleasingly told history of the prominent events in Church and State that are inscribed upon our own glorious annals. It may be advantageously placed in the hands of children from about nine years old and upwards, as a step from the Catechism to the more elaborate histories.

Christmas Eve, or the Story of Little Anton. A Present for Children. From the German. London: Cundall, 1849.

A TRULY German tale, beautifully true to nature in its conceptions, and touchingly, because simply, told. It is a sort of Christian allegory peculiarly adapted to the season, and cannot fail to be most acceptable to the little people to whom it is addressed.

FICTION.

Trevethlan: a Cornish Story. By WILLIAM DAVY WATSON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OUR experience as a literary journalist has proved that many more novels are well conceived than well written. *Trevethlan* is the reverse of this: it is better written than imagined. Mr. WATSON is far more skilful in the conduct of a narrative than in the construction of a plot. Not that this novel is wanting in interest, but the materials are wanting in novelty: it is made up of a combination of incidents, each one of which has its parallel in other novels. This is not peculiar to Mr. WATSON: it is the fault of four-fifths of the novels of the day; and its effect is not to prevent the attainment of a large circulating-library popularity, but only to forbid the anticipation of a permanent place in national fiction.

If, however, we may not assign to Mr. WATSON a place in the rank that contains BULWER, DICKENS, THACKERAY, BELL, Mrs. GORE, D'ISRAELI, and a few others, we can conscientiously assert that he is very far indeed above the average of the herd of novelists, and that he stands already at the very top of the second class, not without hope that, by practice, he may advance himself another step. *Trevethlan* is better worth reading than any, save some half-dozen, of the novels the present year has produced: it is far beyond the vulgar herd that crowd the shelves of the circulating library. It is manifestly the production of a man of learning and a gentleman. It is a high-toned novel in its strain of sentiment, and right wholesome in its morals. It cannot be perused without improvement of head and heart; for so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. WATSON could not write nine hundred pages on any subject, without scattering round him a multitude of ideas, more or less replete with wisdom, which are pretty sure to find their way into the hearts of his readers, and to do practical service to society. He is successful in the portraiture of character, for he has delicate perceptions of the fine shades by which individuals of the same class are distinguished.

He does not, like so many novelists, adopt a common type, and make his personages representatives of it; but to a common physiognomy, as it were, he adds peculiar traits which distinguish the one from the class. As remarkable specimens of this, we might point to the oddities of Cornelius and Clotilda Peach, and Randolph Trevethlan; the hero is not a typical and conventional hero, but a hero *sui generis*.

As a specimen of Mr. WATSON's manner, take this dialogue

ON DREAMING.

Rereworth came to them, according to his engagement, some time before sunset; and, as it was a fine genial evening, they strolled to the fields above West End, and looked on the pleasant landscape, so agreeably described by the author of the *Sketch Book*, "with its soft bosom of green pasturage lying open to the south, and dotted with cattle; the steeple of Hampstead rising among rich groves on the brow of the hill; and the learned height of Harrow in the distance." Even at this dull season, though the trees were leafless and the hedges bare, the prospect was not without its beauties; and Rereworth discoursed of them to Helen in a manner which, to him at least, was particularly interesting.

For some time they had the conversation—rather serious it was—to themselves, Randolph taking no part. But when it diverged to the opera, and from thence to what Madame de Staël termed the "rôté nocturne de la nature," he suddenly exclaimed:

"There is a strange fascination in these things: presentiments seem so often fulfilled."

"Because," Rereworth said, "they are generally felt where the result is probable. What was more likely than that Henri Quatre should die by the dagger of an assassin? These pretended second-sights, of all kinds, must, in fact, be revelations. And to admit their truth, is to depreciate the value of revelation. I explain the whole thing with four lines from Wordsworth:

"What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!
Ah! mercy! to myself I cried,
If Lucy should be dead!"

"And suppose Lucy's wraith flitted by at the moment," said Helen, smiling.

"All in white, uncommonly like a shred of mist," added Rereworth.

"Yet," Randolph urged, "there is something very picturesque in these superstitions, if such they must be called."

"Certainly," said his friend. "I enjoy them, but I do not believe them. I enjoy them more than those who believe and tremble. I love a good legend, or even a well-invented modern tale of gramurée."

"We shall all be mystified by the author of *Waverley*," Helen said. "Already we have had Lergad's strange monitor, and the fortune told for Henry Bertram, and the Ravenswood prophecy, every one of them verified in the event."

"The constant return to such machinery," remarked Randolph, "shows how readily it finds belief."

"It is continually supported by coincidences," Rereworth answered. "Under striking circumstances, a man dreamt of his absent friend. On the same night the latter dies. Granted, in all the fulness of mystery. Now, how many people were in the same relative position at the same time? How many dreamt or fancied the same thing? Hundreds? thousands? aye, tens of thousands. Out of myriads of dreams, one is verified. It proves the baselessness of the fabric."

"One never hears of the dreams which do not come true," observed Helen.

"No, Miss Trevethlan," Seymour said: "these visions, and the sayings of fortune-tellers, are tentative; like those famous miracles, the stoppage of which occasioned the well-known epigram:

"De par le roi, defense a Dieu
De faire miracle en a lieu."

"There is an old dame, not far from us in the country," said Helen, "who, I have heard, has threatened a violent death to half Henwith."

"Dismal individual!" exclaimed Rereworth.

"Our host complains," Helen continued, "of the decay of these old wonders. There's not a child in Hamp-

stead, he says, but will cross the churchyard by night."

"Ay," said Randolph, "the age is incredulous. For my part, I should like to be a visionary."

Helen perceived that her brother spoke moodily.

"The sun is setting," she said. "If we stay much longer, we shall have it dark enough to encounter some spectre ourselves. Let us go home."

Here is a description of

LIFE IN THE TEMPLE.

This feeling had soon driven him from Winter's chambers, and he was now reading, with Travers, an ancient special pleader; but dissatisfaction was again crossing over him. It was true he did not neglect his studies, and he had duly eaten his dinners, to keep Michaelmas Term. Surely there is no fear that any of our old institutions to which a dinner is attached will wholly die. There is a strength in the British appetite, against which utilitarianism may struggle in vain, till hunger and thirst are no more. So, at the Inns of Court. The exercises and moots, and even the revels, have vanished; but the dinners remain. Attendance on the former has been commuted into fines to maintain the latter. And long may they endure, those social meetings, where many a lasting friendship is formed, and the bonds of brotherhood cemented, which in England unite an order, declared by D'Agnessseau "aussi ancien que la magi brature, aussi noble que la vertu, aussi nécessaire que la justice."

As a novice, Randolph was partly interested and partly disconcerted on his introduction to these assemblies. He felt a reverence for the old hall, standing on the site of that of the knights whose dust reposed in the neighbouring church. He looked with respect on the coats of arms of the successive treasurers, emblazoned on the oak panelling of the walls, and subscribed with many a name of high distinction. On the dais, beneath the portraits of Littleton and Coke, sat some of the leading advocates of the day, partaking a more luxurious repast than that allotted to the occupants of the floor below. And on the opposite side to the young student were the juniors of the bar: men who had risen, were rising, had not begun to rise, and never would rise.

It was all curious and new. The very gown in which Randolph dined, rustled on his shoulders with a forensic feeling. The repast was apportioned to messes of four, all of which had precisely the same face. The attendants were called paniers, because—an enemy has suggested—supported by donkeys. The platters were of Peter Piper's metal; and the cups were earthenware, as at the table of Prior's procurator couple:

Their ale was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.

Trifles all these: forgotten, perhaps, by the fortunate lawyer, whose clerk groans under the weight of his brief-bag; ridiculed by the disappointed man, whose early clients have long disappeared; but interesting and entertaining to the neophyte, whose ambition foresees the career of the first, whose self-reliance is too strong to fear the fate of the second.

The flood of new books which Christmas has brought with it forbids further extract. We must conclude with hearty congratulations to Mr. WATSON upon the success of this his first appearance as a novelist, and a recommendation to the libraries to order, and to our readers to borrow, it.

The Lancashire Witches: a Romance of Pendle Forest. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Colburn, 1849.

TO AINSWORTH belongs the merit of being the originator of a new species of romance. Like all founders of a school, he has had many imitators, but none has approached nearly to his merits; as is usual, they have copied his faults much more than his excellencies, and when complaint is made of "the AINSWORTH school of Romance," as it is called, it will be found that the objectors are moved rather by the exaggerations and misrepresentations of the satellites, than by defects actually apparent in him from whom they have stolen their light.

AINSWORTH occupies a position of his own between SCOTT and Mrs. RADCLIFFE. Like the former, he presses the facts of history and personages who have actually existed, into the service of his fictions; like the latter, he has carried invention to the very verge of the real and the possible, or beyond, and appealed to the faculties of wonder and of imagination, common to all readers, but with so much skill as not to shock the sense of propriety, or to outrage reason and experience that they revolt against the imposition. He has much of the vigorous imagination and bold invention of the modern French romances, without their immoralities and obscenities. The only questionable one of Mr. AINSWORTH's now numerous productions was *Jack Sheppard*, and that was harmful rather from its truth to nature than any morbid sentiment or loose principles which it could be construed to insinuate, being in this respect far less noxious than many books upon which the public has not thought fit to exercise its censorship.

The Lancashire Witches appeared, we believe, in successive numbers of one of the Sunday newspapers, and had there obtained very considerable popularity. But there are many who will not read a story thus published in fragments, and many more who will be desirous of repeating the pleasure which formed a portion of their weekly anticipations, by reperusing the work in its entirety. To both classes it will be acceptable.

It is an exciting and interesting story, based, we believe, upon actual tradition, adorned by the inventive genius of the novelist. From the necessities of the form in which it made its original appearance, there is an almost overcrowding of incidents, for each weekly portion had put the author's imagination upon the stretch to introduce something which should sustain the reader's excitement, and leave him looking with anxiety for the continuation. This somewhat mars the effect of the romance as a work of art, to which repose is requisite at intervals, in order to give greater effect by contrast to the stormy and the terrible scenes that follow. The very titles of the chapters are attractive and tell of the material they contain. "The Black Cat and the White Dove," "Mother Chattox," "The Ordeal of Swimming," "The Ruined Conventual Church," "The Revelation," "The Nocturnal Meeting," "The Boggarts' Glen," "The Temptation," "The Mysteries of Malkin Tower," and such like, will foreshadow to the reader who enjoys a *real* romance, what a feast there is for him in these pages, which if they may be objected to as *too* wild, are at least not obnoxious to the far more serious complaint of feebleness and dullness. There is *power* every where, and that is something in these days, when intellect and imagination are alike tamed down to an insipid level of uniformity. We, therefore, welcome originality in any shape, and can excuse even defects when they are displayed in daring. Nor do we think that authors would find the public so disinclined to accept originality as the hackneyed race of critics would have them believe. Readers are not altogether led by reviewers: not unfrequently are they seen to patronise books which it is the fashion with the literary journals to abuse or neglect. So it has been with Mr. AINSWORTH. In one of those fits of morality with which critics are occasionally seized, they chose at one time, as if by a sort of league, to run a muck at Mr. AINSWORTH, and expend upon him the virtuous indignation they withheld from so many others by whom it would have been better deserved. But the

effect was not such as to flatter the vanity of reviewers: in spite of their reproaches, Mr. AINSWORTH'S romances continued to be read with avidity, and his popularity has continued undiminished to this day—simply, because it was deserved by the intrinsic merit of his romances. We do not mean to say, that they are of the highest class of fiction; far from it; but they are beyond measure the best of their class, indeed, so superior to the rest as almost to amount to a new creation.

We could glean from these volumes many passages that would be interesting, even severed from their context; but as most of our readers have probably become familiar with the name and reputation of the *Lancashire Witches*, it will suffice, with these few comments upon the characteristics of the author's genius, to inform them that it is to be read now in a complete form, and to recommend the circulating libraries to procure it forthwith, as it is sure to be in great demand.

The Midnight Sun; a Pilgrimage. By FREDRIKA BREMER, Author of "The Neighbours," &c. Translated from the Unpublished Original by MARY HOWITT. London: H. Colburn. 1849.

MISS BREMER is emphatically the painter of domestic life. Her tales are distinguished for their homeliness, alike in theme, in manner, and in character. And although she sketches Swedish life and Swedish homes, so true is she to nature, that she is read with interest in all other countries, thus bearing a new testimony to the great philosopher who has taught that "we have all of us one human heart."

And MARY HOWITT has associated her name with that of the authoress, whom she was the first to introduce to the British public, so that we cannot well think of one without the other. MARY HOWITT is a congenial mind, allied in taste and sentiment, and therefore peculiarly qualified to be the translator into English of the productions of the Swede. No other has accomplished the task half so perfectly, and so thoroughly rendered into pure English the ideas of Miss BREMER. It is easy enough to make a mere *verbal* translation, with the help of a dictionary, and thus to produce a stiff, awkward, and soulless imitation of the original; but it demands a genius allied to that of the author, to convey her meaning in terms that express to English ears the same meaning that the other carries to Swedish ears. This difficult task MARY HOWITT has successfully accomplished in the present as in the former works of Miss BREMER.

The Midnight Sun is her last and not least successful production, of the peculiar class in which she has taken the foremost place. Like its predecessors, it is the simple story of one family, and the interest centres in one home and the circle that assemble round its social board. It has few incidents,—such, at least, as the genuine novel-reader would designate by that description; that is to say, strange, wild, exciting, romantic events, which curdle the blood, and make the hair stand on end; but it abounds in scenes of wholesome and homely quietude, in which the virtues, and the failings too, of real men and women are depicted with a truth to nature that makes its way right to the heart, and leaves an impression upon the memory which time does not efface, as of persons whom we have seen and known long years ago.

The group is composed of a widow with a numerous family, some married, some single, others yet young, and of both sexes. The

eldest son, Eric, the only surviving child by a former wife, had long ago gone to America, in disgust at some fancied slight from his mother-in-law, and there is supposed to have died. In the meanwhile the widow continues, by her excellent management, to clear of its incumbrances the estates which her husband had left. Upon the final clearance of the estate, a grand family meeting is appointed. Eric was then reported to be dead; and he was, of course, the heir, and to him the whole property would have passed, had he been living. As the joyous family festival approaches, the children come in from all quarters; and Adolph, one of the younger sons, having on his journey fallen in with an artist of much ability, called Theodore, was so pleased with him, that he was induced to request him to join the circle at Bragesholm. Theodore consents, and marks with observant eye the conduct of the lady of the mansion. The reader will have guessed already that he is the lost Eric. But he does not reveal himself until he is satisfied that he had formed too rash a judgment of his mother-in-law. Then he makes his identity known; and although the legal owner, as heir, of the property, whose emancipation from the claims of creditors they were then celebrating, he generously resigns his claims in favour of those through whose providence and care it had been preserved; and divers marriages that were dependent upon it are concluded.

With this, the main plot, are mingled the love affairs of other members of the family, which permit of the introduction of other personages, and especially of two of those original characters in which Miss BREMER delights. It should be stated, that the title of the tale is taken from the principal incident in it, a journey to the point at which the sun is to be seen standing upon the horizon at midnight, a very favourite excursion in Sweden, and of which we have a most vivid and interesting description. In the course of this journey, the family make acquaintance with an anonymous colonel, who falls in love with an equally anonymous lady of mature years, a very model of kindness; and the same eventful travel unites Adolph with a charming widow, the lady Ida.

Of such slight materials the story is made up; but its charm lies in its pictures of home, in its wholesome strain of sentiment, in its nice discrimination of character, in its graphic descriptions of places and persons, so that it is to be read not so much as a novel, to be galloped over at a sitting, but as we turn to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, to the *Exiles of Siberia*, to *Undine*, and other stories of the same class, for improvement, and as a wholesome repast for the mind, when mere romance has satiated the appetite. It is a book for the parlour library, as much as for the circulating library; a book for school reading, a Christmas present, and fireside perusal, and as such it will be welcome everywhere. We extract two or three passages, which will prove that Miss BREMER has lost none of the powers that first gave her a world-wide popularity. Take first a Vandyke portrait of

THE LADY OF THE MANSION

The wind, like a giant in a bad humour, arose murmuring to himself in the pine woods on the mountains, and betook himself—not yet quite awake—down the valley with a prodigious bustle, breaking as he went, a few old and obstinate trees which opposed their knarled twigs and branches against his course, and advanced onward, like a bully over the tops of the birch-trees, which bowed submissively as he went by, waving their long, green veils; and then, with a rushing sound, he came down over the little flowers of the plain, anemones, and arctic bramble blossoms, as if he would annihilate them

altogether. But the little flowers did not take any notice of it; they nodded and gave way, brightened and smiled, and cast forth fragrance and pearls of dew to the wind, and took all in play; it was not possible for him to be angry with them. Perhaps the old fellow from the mountains—we know him to be as old as the deluge, and that he helped to dry up the earth after it—was put in a good humour by this. For it is a certain fact, that he appeared quite mild and gentle when, bringing odour from wood and meadow, he passed almost carelessly over an elderly, but noble human countenance, which from the balcony of the house—the mansion with the fine estate—gazed upon the landscape around, and seemed to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

This was the countenance of the lady of the mansion. It was Mrs. Cecilia Nordenhjelm's. She was a lady of lofty stature, whose figure was somewhat bending rather than thin. She was dressed in light-coloured and ample garments; a snow white linen cap covered the silvery hair which, parted on the forehead, lay in soft waves on the temples. There was altogether something very agreeable and dignified in her appearance; the countenance, with its stamp of noble gravity and kindness, seemed to be almost without a shadow. And yet sometimes it looked very aged. At such times there was something heavy on the brow, and in the wrinkles around the eyes and the mouth might be read the expression of long sufferings; at times, also, her carriage was more stooping than at others, as if she had a burden on her shoulders. She then might readily be supposed to be sixty and upwards. But, in her better moments, and especially when a fine clear crimson tinted the cheeks, and the upper lip was curved by some merry joke, or the head was elevated in cheerful humour, she would scarcely be supposed to be fifty. She was a handsome old lady, that is certain.

Whether she was a native of Norrland or not, I am not going to tell you, because—I don't know myself; nor has it anything to do with the matter. Neither shall I tell you whether she was countess or baroness, whether her husband had been senator, doctor, or any other dignitary; because neither has that anything to do with the business. She was a *Swedish woman*, a *Swedish lady*, such as are many in this country; and on her estate she was called *the lady*; and—I shall not say any more about her for the present.

But with regard to her thoughts this morning hour, I must say that, although varied like the colouring of the woods, still the sunshine evidently preponderated in them, whilst the mild blue eyes wandered from the flax-field, which in its tender greenness, shone beautifully, like a representation of hope, to the white newly-woven linen, of which from fifty to a hundred ells were spread out on the hill, basking in the sun, whilst the vapour ascended in light steam-clouds above it from the heated grass, and the wet clothes dangled and waved merrily about on long lines, in the increasing sunshine and in the increasing wind; and, whilst old Lisa, the washer-woman, stalked about between bleaching linen and wet clothes' lines, in greater bliss for the moment than if she had been taking a walk in Elysium; because every kind of business on earth brings with it its own peculiar trouble, and its own peculiar happiness, and the washer-woman's pleasure in good drying weather is as great as many another's in "this vale of tears." This by way of parenthesis.

Anybody might have seen that Mrs. Cecilia thought how the flax grew, and the linen bleached in the sun, how the clothes were drying in the increasing wind, and how her old Lisa was enjoying herself. It was not at all extraordinary, therefore, that the salutation of the wind came to her like that of a good friend; that whilst with both her hands she pushed back her hair from her brow, she inhaled the fresh invigorating morning air with pleasure, and thought, as she looked around her,

"God's Spirit in the northern wind!"

She had, however deeper thoughts and feelings, that might easily be seen upon her expressive countenance—feelings which fluctuated between anxiety and joy, such as find place in the deepest recesses of the soul and which shun expression and light, at least outward light, because they do not need it; and expression, because they cannot be expressed. Such are the thoughts and feelings of the loving human heart.

As having most novelty for our readers,

* The motto of the arms of Norrland.

we add a portion of the description of the excursion to view

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Towards evening, our travellers arrived at Mattarengby, where is the last resting place on the road. This is a little village of two or three peasants' houses, situated upon an extensive flat of meadow, on the banks of the river, with a Finnish chapel on a height above, and all around to the very bounds of the horizon, a mass of wooded hills, among which is the mountain of Avasaxa, though it does not appear to elevate itself much above the rest.

Adolph obtained boats and rowers, and at nine o'clock the company began their voyage to the mountain.

The rowers, tall and handsome men, but with that gloomy gravity of feature and demeanour which distinguish the people of Finland, rowed in deep silence. Silent sat the handsome couple from Bohemia, but enjoying the beauty of the evening. The Frenchman sat with his gun in his hand, peeping on all sides for wonderful polar animals, either on two or four legs. And just opposite to him, with eyes and mouth wide open, sat the Dean's widow, in secret expectation of some extraordinary adventure, in consequence of the murderous schemes of the traveller, and glancing sometimes at Miss — to ascertain what she thought and looked for. But even Miss — was thoughtful and silent, and let her white hand play in the waves, whilst her brown eyes gazed with a half melancholy expression over the beautiful landscape.

They rowed round and among low islands, shining with the most beautiful verdure; they floated upon the clear river between innumerable lovely islands, "the islands of bliss!" thought Theodore. But the blessed, the righteous human beings, where were they? Himself? Ah, no, no! never had he felt himself further from the mark than here, where his imagination had pictured it to him. The peaceful evening and the unspeakable beauty of all around him only increased his melancholy.

After an hour's sail, they arrived at the foot of Avasaxa, which rose up before them a shapeless mass of granite blocks and large pebbles, amid that region of wood.

Adolph would gladly have shot like an arrow up the mountain to see if anybody were there already, "but the little Sprig" held him fast, required carrying and helping, and politeness demanded moreover that he should offer a helping hand to the ladies. Miss — thanked him for her part, but declined it. She should "dance a minute" upon the mountain with the guide, and should, she said, introduce into it a very "remarkable pas" and besides this, she said such amusing things, that the Dean's lady, who came puffing and blowing up after, followed on her heels, and was obliged now and then to stand still that she might not lose her balance out of pure laughter, and thus lost the guide incessantly. The Colonel could not help admiring Miss —'s slender and fine figure, and her ability to dance a minuet on the top of the mountain; he ascended puffing and groaning, and vowing, by all the gods and goddesses, never to go on such an expedition again.

At a considerable height on the mountain, the ground was tolerably flat. Birches and pines grew there, and rich masses of heath in open spaces among the trees and rocks. A hundred persons were here assembled in little groups, mostly engaged with their provision baskets. Many languages might be heard spoken, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, German, French. The view from this point was immeasurable over the whole woody, dark district, upon which the sun shone without lighting it up. Bright, but without beams, stood the sun above the horizon, gleaming with a softened light, and casting a purple glow upon the forms on the mountain. Before long, however, this was interrupted by a white cloud. Great columns of smoke ascended here and there along the horizon towards heaven. They arose from new erections in the desert-fields, the signs of the spirit of colonization, which had advanced even into the arctic circle. The night was warm and calm — delightful. Small fires were lighted here and there on the mountain, to drive away the gnats. Everything seemed to invite to a quiet enjoyment of the great festival of nature. But — who enjoyed it? Not Theodore. His thoughts were painful and gloomy. Not Adolph. He was seeking in the mountain for a figure in a black dress, and questions and doubts agitated him. Would

she come? She had not expressly promised. Perhaps she would not come. Or, had anything happened by the way? And still, as time went on and the midnight hour approached, the stronger became his longing; his uneasiness, his doubt, and lastly his fear, that she would not come, that they now really were parted.

And now it was twelve o'clock. Now the Frenchman fired his piece in the air; now arose the sun in splendour out of the cloud; now the handsome princely couple kissed each other, and see! — now advanced from the wood on the Russian side of the mountain, that beautiful, grave countenance, glowing from the light of the sun, and from the exertion required in ascending; precisely that dark-clothed figure, which alone could make darkness bright to Adolph. And Naïma, with heightened colour, and beauty like that of a cherub, with bare arms, and dark-brown locks floating on her shoulders came, led by her mother's hand.

The Waverley Novels. New Edition. Vols. XXIII. to XXVI. Edinburgh, 1848. Cadell.

THE new volumes of this elegant cabinet edition of the "Waverley Novels" contain *Kenilworth*, the *Pirate*, and the *Fortunes of Nigel*. They are enriched with all the Author's Introductions and Notes, beautifully printed, of most convenient size for reading, and handsomely bound in cloth. Two engravings, in the first style of the art, embellish each volume, the principal subjects of which are a "View on the Coast of Zetland," by COLLINS; portraits of "George Heriot," "Queen Elizabeth," and the "Earl of Essex," and a fine view of the Orkneys. It should be added, that this edition is not only the most attractive, but the cheapest that has yet been issued; indeed, it places the "Waverley Novels" within the reach of those whose means are the most moderate.

We should like much to see the Abbotsford edition produced in this size, and at a small price: it would have an enormous sale.

Pendennis. By W. M. THACKERAY. No. 2. Bradbury and Co.

THE promise of the first number is sustained in this. We are introduced to the queen of Tragedy, who has enslaved the soul of the young Pen, and to the father of the damsel, a rich specimen of the Irish adventurer.

POETRY.

The Christian Life: a Manual of Sacred Verse. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., Oxon. Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. London: Hall and Co. 1849.

THERE can be no hesitation in giving to this, the production of Mr. MONTGOMERY's matured genius, the highest place among his poetical works. The *Omnipresence of the Deity*, which first made him famous, was an extraordinary effort for a young man, and contained passages which proved the presence of a poet, while it everywhere recommended itself to popularity by its subject, the harmony of its verse, and the exalted strain of sentiment by which it was pervaded. In subsequent editions it was subjected to so much revision as to have become almost a new work, and thus remodelled, it has finally taken a permanent place in British literature. Still, with all our admiration for the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, we must confess to far more of critical approval for the *Christian Life*. It proves in him capacities which even his most ardent admirers could scarcely have anticipated. From the fact that *Satan, Luther*, and some other works, had been written in blank verse, we had feared that Mr. MONTGOMERY had ceased to cultivate the fine ear and apparent facility of versification indicated

by his early poems. But it is apparent now, that not only has he not suffered the faculty to lie fallow, but he has vastly improved it, and the variety of metres he has introduced into the volume before us, the harmony of verse everywhere found, and the perfection of the rhymes, are not surpassed by any English poet, and equalled but by few.

And the subjects selected for these poems are peculiarly attractive themes for a poet's contemplations. They are all of the class termed sacred; and usually illustrations of texts of scripture, or at least each one is introduced by an appropriate text. Some idea of the nature of these compositions will be formed from the titles: thus, there are poems on "The Idea of God;" "Christ the Grand Refuge;" "The Dying Girl;" "The Voice of God in the cool of the Day;" "Weep not for the Dead;" "The Divine Walk;" "The Twilight of our Being;" "God our True Centre;" "The Poetry of Clouds and Skies." One section is entitled "My Prayer Book," and consists of short poems suggested by portions of the services, as "Baptism;" "The Catechism;" "Marriage;" "Prayers at Sea;" "The Royal Martyr;" "The Ordination."

We have said enough to attract the curiosity of our readers towards this volume, and to express our opinion of the evidences it affords of Mr. MONTGOMERY's capacities as a poet. But a few extracts will enable the reader to form his own judgment, which, we believe, will coincide with our own.

An exquisite composition is this on

THE MIND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child."—*Matt. xviii. 1, 2.*

Men call it wisdom, when they grow
Less and less like a child;
But let the harsh and haughty know
Such wisdom is defiled;

The cold perfection of a cautious man,
Who gains by cunning,—all the serpent can!

He, whose all-measuring Soul perceived
The heights and depths of mind,
A nobler law would have believed
When present with mankind;
Who said, with Infancy beside His knee,
"He that is greatest, like a child must be."

Heaven to a child comes nearer far
Than in maturer age,
When Passion's brunt and blighting war
Their christless battle rage.
Against those young simplicities that dwell
Deep in the bosom, like a guardian spell.

Oh! for the reverential eye
To Childhood which pertains,
That sees religion in the sky,
And poetry in plains;
To whom a rainbow like a rapture glows,
And all is marvel which th' Almighty shows.

Blest age of Wonder! when a flower,
A blossom, fruit, or tree
Gives a new zest to each new hour
That gladdens home with glee:
When like a hissing stream life rolls along
In happy murmurs of unconscious song.

It smiles on that, and speaks to this,
As if each object knew
A child exulted in the bliss
Of all that charms its view;
Personified the whole Creation seems
Into a heart that mirrors back its dreams!

Life looks a fairy landscape spread
Before the untaught gaze,
As on the infant soul is led
To meet its opening days,
Where pure-eyed Innocence can well discern
A deeper beauty than the wise discern. *

Fresh from the hands of God they come
These infants of His grace,
And something of celestial home
Yet lingers in their face;
Strange to the world, no worldliness defiles
The little history of their tears and smiles.

* "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—*Matt. xi. 25.*

Candid and curious, how they seek
All truth to know and scan;
And, ere the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study man!
Confiding sweetness colours all they say,
And Angels listen, when they try to pray.*

More playful than the birds of spring,
Ingenuous, warm, sincere,
Like meadow-bees upon the wing
They roam without a fear;
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
As Light sheds beams, or flowers their perfume give.

And how the Church o'erawes their sense,
With rite and ritual graced!
Whose creed is loving innocence,
Which time hath not effaced;
And would that those, who Manhood's paths have trod,
Like them could tremble at the name of God!

Mysterious age! the type of Heaven,
By Jesu's blessing crown'd,
To thee a purity is given
Grey hairs have never found;
The arms of Christ do yet encircle thee
Like a soft halo which the Heart can see.

Mere Knowledge makes us keen and cold,
And Cunning warps the mind,
As more and more the heart grows old
With feelings base and blind;
Our light is clearer, but our love is less,
And few the bosoms that our own can bless!

Spirit of Grace! we learn from Thee
This noble truth, at length,—
That wisdom is simplicity,
Simplicity is strength;
A Child-man, could the world such union find,
Would be the model-form for human kind.

In a loftier strain is

THE GLORY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"The Lord called to him out of the mountains."—*Erod.*
xix. 3. "The Glory of the Lord stood on the mountain."
—*Ezek.* xi. 23.

How glorious are the mountain-kings! that overawe the soul,
And by their majesty of men become their vast control;
An era forms it in the hearts which first beneath them bow'd,
When haughtily some Alpine-peak out-soar'd the highest cloud!

They are not what the dull believe, a mass of speechless earth,
But with embodied eloquence proclaim their regal birth;
Like anthems mute but magical, to inward thought they praise
The Infinite of Architects, who their foundation lays.

Be glory to the mountains! then,—what poetry they make
When canopied by lucid air, or mirror'd on some lake;
Or, when the ravish'd pilgrim cries, from off some wooded brow,
"Three hundred cloven summits lift their ice-bound fore-
heads now!"

The throned Archangels who in bliss on seats of glory rest,
And through eternity behold the landscapes of the blest,
Can scarce, to our imperfect dream, sublimar views enjoy,
Than what these Alpine monarchs form,—the mountains of Savoy!

The magic of their whiteness seems miraculously pure,
And upward their ascending snows our lifted hearts allure;
And radiant are the icy spells their soaring masses wield,
When seventy leagues cannot o'ershade the dazzling sight they yield!

All glory to the ancient hills! that to the godless preach
Sermons of more stupendous power, than erring man can reach;
Dumb orators to sense they look, but how divinely grand
The deep significance they bear, to hearts that understand!

The stillness of their frozen trance is more than thunder's tone,
Resembling that celestial hush that deepen'd round the Throne

When silence through the heaven of heavens for half an hour there reigned,
And seraphim before their God eternally sustain'd!

It is not that the clouds array with myriad-tinted hues
Those peaks of alabaster ice, that pinnacle our views;
Nor is it, that our satiate eyes are spell-bound by the scene
Of rocky scalps ten thousand feet above some black ravine!

Nor is it, that the glaciers lift their crags of gleaming snow,
And move down in a noiseless march, to meet the vale below;
Nor all the dreadful joy that chills the soul of him who braves
Montanvert! from thy summit vast, the ever-frozen waves.

Far more than this do mountain-spells to echoing minds impart,
When through the veil of outer sense, they reach the central heart,—

There enter with mysterious power, like Parities to reign,
And over all its hidden springs, a moral influence gain.

Thus oft amid the crowded street, or some contracted room,
Or in that hour of mystic sway when all things wear a gloom,
The Alpine monarchs lift their peaks, and in remembrance rise
And elevate our sunken hearts through their bewitching skies.

* "Despise not these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* xviii. 10.

They cause our very souls to blush, to think how base and weak
Are half the fancied woes we feel, or morbidly would speak;
Until their awful summits seem to lift the rallied mind,
And bid it soar to peerless heights above depress'd mankind!

We conclude with a graceful tribute to

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"Hail! thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women."—*Luke* i. 28.

Ave Maria! blest o'er women all
Who e'er on earth embodiment have found,
Maiden and mother, both in thee we call
With peerless favour by JEHOVAH crown'd.

Ave Maria! virgin meek and mild
Unstain'd by passion's soul-polluting fires,
Faith cannot view thee with thine awful child,
Nor thrill with more than sentiment expires!

Ave Maria! since thy sex began
Woman presents no type to rival thee;
Nor can the feelings of a fallen man
Echo thy thoughts of inward purity.

Ave Maria! o'er the Babe Divine
Bending with awe, maternally entranced,—
How must have throbb'd that vernal heart of thine,
On Jesu's forehead when thy fond eyes glanced!

Pure are the fountains of parental love,
Whose depths of bliss ineffable remain;
Not the deep ravishment of lyres above
Could e'er attune it to so sweet a strain!

But thou, o'ershadow'd with The Spirit's power,
By Heaven's bright herald hail'd supremely blest,—
Far more than myst'ry clothed that sacred hour
When hung the Child-God on thy virgin breast.

Boundless eternity and breathing time
Blend in communion at thine awful bliss,
And bid us wonder, in a trance sublime,
That earth was hallow'd by a scene like this!

The purest image saintly thought can see
Of maiden calm, with motherhood combined,
Becomes too earth-born when compared with thee,
Nursing The Babe whose Blood redeem'd mankind.

Well may the poet's harp, and painter's hue,
With all that Sculpture's marble dreams express,
Become ethereal, when they bring to view
Outlines that hint thy solemn loveliness.

Yet, can chaste minds beyond all visual show
Adumbrate much that reverence demands,
Ave Maria! when our hearts o'erflow
To see the God-Babe in thy vernal bands.

Feeling and Faith, with poesy and prayer,
Mingle their charms to make one beauteous spell;
And what no melodies, nor hues declare,
Our hush'd emotions unto Godhead tell!

The Poetical and Dramatic Works of James Thomson, &c., with a Life of the Author. By the Rev. PATRICK MURDOCK, D.D., and Notes by NICHOLS. London: Tegg and Co., 1849.

THIS is a most acceptable edition of the works of the author of *The Seasons*. It is exquisitely printed, in cabinet size, embellished with many beautiful engravings, illustrated with notes and an interesting biography of the poet, and published at a price which will permit of its being possessed by every lover of nature and of poetry, whether to adorn the library or the drawing-room table, or to be the companion of the study or the rural walk.

RELIGION.

A Biblical Cyclopaedia, or Dictionary of the Antiquities, &c. of the Old and New Testament. By JOHN EADIE, LL.D. London: Griffin and Co., 1849.

A copious dictionary of the Bible printed in treble columns, with numerous wood-cut illustrations, most industriously compiled from the most modern sources of information, and published at a wonderful small price. It will be an invaluable accompaniment to the reading of the Scriptures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Town; its Memorable Characters and Events. By LEIGH HUNT. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Who does not remember that delightful series of essays which appeared in *Leigh Hunt's Monthly Journal*, devoted to descriptions of walks about town, and in which the author, traversing street after street, told us, after his pleasant fashion, the events of which each locality had been the scene, what personage, whose

name is now renowned, dwelt in this house, or frequented that tavern, with gossiping interludes of anecdotes and reminiscences of themselves and their friends, and with scraps of appropriate poetry, of wisdom, or of wit, admirably introduced here or there, or some wholesome sentiment thrown out by the right-hearted narrator—forming altogether a very master-piece of fire-side story-telling, graphic, amusing, and instructive, grateful to the ear, and useful to the mind?

These charming papers their author has now collected, with some additions, and republished in the form of two handsome volumes now before us, and which appear most opportunely at this gift-bearing season; for a more appropriate Christmas present, whether in appearance or substance, it would be impossible to select. It is printed in the choicest manner of the art: nearly fifty engravings embellish it; the volumes are bound in ornamental covers, and, as for the reading, it is worth all the *annuals* that ever were published. But it will not be necessary further to describe a work so well known and so highly appreciated. We need but congratulate our readers on its appearance in a form in which they may possess themselves of it entire, and in a more convenient shape for frequent reference, for sure we are that if once they take it up they will be so fascinated with its contents that it will thenceforth be a companion of the easy chair and the fire-side.

We are overwhelmed with new books, or otherwise we might have culled a dozen pages of delightful extract. As it is, we can afford only a column or so, but that will suffice to excite a desire for further acquaintance with "*The Town*," in those, if any such there be, who are not already familiar with LEIGH HUNT's original and delightful style of topography.

Here is a portion of the account of one street only:—

GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Great Queen Street, in the time of the Stuarts, was one of the grandest and most fashionable parts of the town. The famous Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, died there. Lord Bristol had a house in it, Lord-Chancellor Finch, and the Conway and Paulet families. Some of the houses towards the west retain pilasters and other ornaments, probably indicating, as Penant observes, the abodes in question. Little thought the noble lords that a time would come when a player should occupy their rooms, and be able to entertain their descendants in them; but in a house of this description, lately occupied by Messrs. Allman, the booksellers, died Lewis, the comedian, one of the most delightful performers of his class, and famous to the last for his invincible airiness and juvenility. Mr. Lewis displayed a combination rarely to be found in acting, that of the fop and the real gentleman. With a voice, a manner, and person, all equally graceful and light, and features at once whimsical and genteel, he played on the top of his profession like a plume. He was the Mercutio of his age, in every sense of the word mercurial. His airy, breathless voice, thrown to the audience before he appeared, was the signal of his winged animal spirits; and when he gave a glance of his eye or touched his finger at another's ribs, it was the very *punctum saliens* of playfulness and inuendo. We saw him take leave of the public, a man of sixty-five, looking not more than half the age, in the character of the Copper Captain; and heard him say, in a voice broken by emotion, "that for the space of thirty years he had not once incurred their displeasure." Next door but one to the Freemasons' Tavern (westward), for many years lived another celebrated comic performer, Miss Pope, one of a very different sort, and looking as heavy and insipid as her taste was otherwise. She was an actress of the highest order for dry humour; one of those who convey the most laughable things with a grave face. Churchill, in the *Rosciad*, when she must have been very young, mentions her as an actress of great vivacity advancing in a "jig," and performing the parts of

Cherry and Polly Honeycomb. There was certainly nothing of the Cherry and Honeycomb about her when older; but she was an admirable Mrs. Malaprop. Queen Street continued to be a place of fashionable resort for a considerable period after the Revolution. As we have been speaking of the advancement of actors in social rank, we will take occasion of the birth of Martin Folkes in this street, the celebrated scholar and antiquary, to mention that he was one of the earliest persons among the gentry to marry an actress. His wife was Lucretia Bradshaw. It may be thought worth observing by the romantic that the ladies who were first selected to give this rise to the profession had all something peculiar in their Christian names. Lord Peterborough married Anastasia Robinson, and the Duke of Bolton, Lavinia Fenton. Sir Godfrey Kneller and Radcliffe, the physician, lived in this street. We mention them together because they were neighbours, and there is a pleasant anecdote of them in conjunction. The author of a book lately published describes their neighbourhood as being in Bow Street; but Horace Walpole, the authority of the story, places it in the street before us; adding, in a note, that Kneller "first lived in Durham Yard (in the Strand), then twenty-one years in Covent Garden (we suppose in Bow Street), and lastly in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields." "Kneller," says Walpole, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Radcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.'—'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.'" Kneller, besides being an admired painter (and it is supposed from one of his performances, the portrait of a Chinese, that he could have been admired by posterity if he chose), was a man of wit; but so vain, that he is described as being the butt of all the wits his acquaintances. They played upon him undoubtedly, and at a great rate; but it has been suggested by a shrewd observer, that while he consented to have his vanity tickled at any price, he humoured the joke himself, and was quite aware of what they were at. Nor is this inconsistent with the vanity, which would always make large allowances for the matter of fact. The extravagance it would limit where it pleased; the truth remained; and Sir Godfrey, as Pope said, had a large appetite. With this probability a new interest is thrown upon the anecdotes related of his vanity; with the best of these the reader is accordingly presented. Kneller was a German, born at Lubeck, so that his English is to be read with a foreign accent. The younger Richardson tells us that Gay read Sir Godfrey a copy of verses, in which he had pushed his flattery so far, that he was all the while in dread lest the knight should detect him. When Kneller had heard this through, he said in his foreign style and accent, "Ah, Mr. Gay, all what you have said is very fine and very true; but you have forgot one thing, my good friend; by G—, I should have been a general of an army; for when I was at Venice there was a *girandole*, and all the place of St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr. Gay; should have been a great general, Mr. Gay!"

We hope that the half intimated promise of the preface will be accomplished, and that Leigh Hunt will devote the rest of his days (and may they be many!) to similar travels in the streets yet unvisited.

The Comprehensive Knitting-Book. By ESTHER COLEY, author of "Cottage Comforts," &c. London: Tegg and Co.

THE ladies inform us that this volume is an extremely useful one. Its range of instruction is most extensive; all, says the author, "are written from actual working; and a considerable number of the patterns, and yet more of the articles described, are entirely original." The pages are profusely illustrated with woodcut patterns. There must be, in the whole, some three or four hundred recipes.

Letts' Diary for 1849. Letts and Co.

ANOTHER volume of an old and popular Diary, which comprises a vast amount of useful information for

reference, and it is made of all sizes from a page devoted to a day to a page that is to contain the memoranda of three days, and both plain and ruled, to meet all tastes, and all necessities.

PEEPS INTO UNPUBLISHED VOLUMES.

(Many of the Publishers having kindly permitted us to have access to stray proof sheets of their books in Press, we propose by occasional Extracts to bespeak the interest of our readers on their behalf.)

(From "*The Emigrant Family*," about to be Published by Messrs. SMITH and ELDER).

A REST IN THE BUSH.

From Lupton's Inn to the fine flats at the foot of the Mittagong range, where Reuben Kable intended to rest his cattle during the heat of the day, is something above thirteen miles. In some parts the road passes over ground full of loose stone, which, pulverized by the heat and the crush of feet and vehicles, becomes in summer a thick bed of hot dust; in others steep hills add to the toil of travelling, and almost the whole way a close bush borders the road on both sides, rendering the air stagnant and sultry. Somewhat less than three hours' exertion, however, brought the horsemen down into the flats, stretching far away in open plains to the left. No longer urged by dog and man, the weary drove relaxed their pace, and, turning off the road, wandered slowly on in straggling and broken groups toward the spot to which their instinct drew them for water. Willoughby, following his companion's example, dismounted in the shade of the trees; which here, rooted in rich ground and supplied with a plentitude of moisture, sustain spreading heads of the thickest foliage, that furnish the wayfarer with the most delightful resting-place.

The horses were soon unsaddled and unbridled: not, however, without being first hobbled. A mounted bushman's accoutrements are his horse's hobbles, or else a long tether rope, which is coiled round the animal's neck when travelling; a good blanket or a cloak, made of opossum skins sewn together, to the size of about eight or nine feet by seven, and capable, when sound and doubled, of turning off a night's rain; a tin quart pot, and sundry bags containing tea, sugar, "damper," and beef. The quart pot is generally strapped to the saddle in front, on one side; the hobbles on the other; the ration-bags hanging across; and the blanket, or opossum cloak, carefully formed into a long hard roll, and fastened sometimes before and sometimes behind, is bent over the horse's back. The tinder-box, or its modern substitute, the Lucifer match-box, is invariably stowed in the most dry and secure place the owner can find for it upon his own person.

Willoughby was already bushman enough to recollect his portion of the duties, when he saw his companion busy in kindling a fire and gathering the fuel; and by the time the sticks were blazing, the two quart pots were filled, ready to be placed in front of the fire on the windward side. In ten minutes more might be seen the Australian (who felt to a certain extent bound to enact the part of head-cook, in consideration of the less inferior proficiency of his fellow-traveller) sitting tailor-fashion in front of the fire, watching intently for the full bubble of the water, and directly it showed itself dropping carefully into the pot a capacious handful of tea. The click of the opening pocket-knives followed, and the meal was begun: the dogs standing round imploring, as earnestly and appealingly as they can by silence and steadfast gazing, their share of their master's provision. For a couple of hours the bushmen rested and refreshed themselves: the hearty meal, the pipe, and a yarn, soon while away so much time beneath a shady tree of a hot day. Whilst Willoughby tied up the bags and refastened all to the saddles, Reuben Kable took his whip and walked round the cattle, turning them along the road. Revived by their rest and feed, men and horses and dogs now went on at a lively pace for the range. By sun-down it was passed, upwards of twelve miles further on the whole accomplished, and the "mob" safely paddocked for the night.

AN AUSTRALIAN FOG.

The weather continued as it had been for some weeks, till the evening of the day on which they set out; when one of those sudden and complete changes

in the state of the atmosphere took place, to which the whole of this elevated region (particularly at this part) is so subject. As they turned the crown of the gap, up which they had made their way, the black fellow suddenly quickened his pace, with the exclamation, "Murry* make haste! I believe murry tograt directly." His countryman reined round his horse and cast his eye down the ravine. "He's right, Willoughby; here's a regular fog coming up the gullies as fast as it can sweep, these fogs will soak one through in about an hour as bad as being run through a waterhole. Well, it's no odds: we can't get away from it." Willoughby now turned and looked downward toward the plains. Every object was hidden: the whole of the immense expanse was one rolling sea of mist. Before they could withdraw their eyes from the magnificent spectacle, the deluge of vapour was scaling point after point of the mountain, until it rose in volumes up the very ravine at the brink of which they stood, and, moving with the speed of steam, was over them, around them, and far away beyond them, in a few seconds. Almost in an instant, too, it was at its thickest: not a tree could be seen at twenty feet distant, and the whole of the air around was one wide-spread extent of moving notes of spray.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From Dec. 13th to Dec. 30th, 1848.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. MURRAY.
Lord Mahon's Historical Essays.
Campbell's British Poets.

From Mr. COLBURN.
W. H. Ainsworth's Lancashire Witches. 3 vols.
Miss Bremer's Midnight Sun.
Life of Chateaubriand. Parts I. and II.

From Mr. MOXON.
Life and Letters of Campbell. 3 vols.

From Mr. BENTLEY.
Tyndale's Travels in Sardinia. 3 vols.

From Messrs. SMITH and ELDER.
The Town, by Leigh Hunt. 2 vols.
Trevethian, by Mr. Watson. 3 vols.
Thompson's Austria.
Book of English Epithets.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD and Co.
Simpson's Pictures from Revolutionary Paris. 2 vols.

From Mr. NEWBY.
The Forgery, by James. 3 vols.
Percy. 3 vols.

From Mr. PICKERING.
Terry's Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands.
Richards's Dream of the Soul.

From Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.
Life of W. Collins, R.A. 2 vols.

From Mr. OLLIVIER.
The Pipe of Repose.

From A. HALL and Co.
R. Montgomery's Christian Life.

From Messrs. TEGG.
Thomson's Poetical and Dramatic Works.
From Messrs. RIVINGTON.
Anderton's History of the Colonial Church. Vol. II.

From Mr. WRIGHT.
Lamartine's Life and Poems, by Pulling.

From Mr. VIRTUE.
The Art Journal for January.

MUSIC.

A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition. By G. W. ROHNER. London: Longman and Co.

A THOROUGHLY practical treatise on musical composition, or rather, we should say on the theory of music, for its composition is not to be taught; it must come from within. If Mr. Rohner had termed it musical *expression* he would have been more strictly correct, for his purpose is to teach the manner of putting a musical *idea* into the form of music. It is profusely illustrated, and will, no doubt, be studied with great advantage by composers whether professional or amateur.

* Very.

† Cold.

Gris's Songs: No. 4. By G. J. O. ALLMAN. A Selection of Popular Scotch Songs, set by G. J. O. ALLMAN: No. 1.

TWO more of Mr. ALLMAN's works—the one a continuation of a series already noticed with approval of its design, the other the first of a new series, intended to present a new edition, as it were, of the best Songs of Scotland; this one containing "Jock o' Hazledean."

My Broad Lands I hold in Trust for the Poor. Sung by Mr. WEISS, in the Ballad Opera of "Robin Goodfellow." Music by LODER. D'Almaine & Co.

Sing me then the Songs of Old. Sung by Mr. WEISS, in the same.

O, were not this a World of Bliss. Sung by Miss POOLE, in the same.

O, Sweet Remembrance of Days long Vanished. Sung by Mr. C. BRAHAM, in the same.

My Village Church. Sung by Mr. WEISS, in the same. D'Almaine & Co.

Five songs from LODER's popular new opera of "Robin Goodfellow," lately produced at the Princess's Theatre. The three sung by Mr. WEISS are peculiarly what are called "gentlemen's songs,"—they are only adapted for the male voice. Of these by far the finest composition is "My Broad Lands," which always meets an encore, and will be found admirably adapted for Christmas merry meetings. It is a truly manly song; the sentiment good, and the strain appropriate. "Sing me the Songs of Old" is another of the same class.

"O, were not this a World of Bliss," is Miss POOLE's favourite song, and also one of the *encored*. It is, like all LODER's music, full of meaning and melody, and will please the miscellaneous audience of a drawing-room far more than the most difficult strains from Italy. Mr. C. BRAHAM's "O, Sweet Remembrance," is, perhaps, the most attractive of the ballads in the opera, and although composed for a gentleman, it may be compassed with ease by a lady. It is a delicious air, that will become universally popular, and no singer should lose a moment in learning and producing it before it passes to the street organs, which, from its beauty, it is sure to do. Mr. LODER fully sustains his already high reputation by these new proofs of his genius.

MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.—MR. ALLCROFT gave his Annual Christmas Concert on Friday evening last, at the Princess's Theatre, which was filled to overflowing by a music-loving assemblage. The programme was very inviting, from the variety and abundance of entertainment provided, and of which the only fault was its length, for we left at midnight, and then it was not ended. This, however, was partly the fault of the audience, who, with a pertinacity that proves an insatiable love for "sweet sound," *encored* almost every song. It would be impossible, within our limits, to enumerate the list of vocal and instrumental pieces that were produced on this occasion: even the names of the performers would fill a considerable portion of a column. Suffice it to observe that among them were Thalberg, Mad. Dulcken, Sims Reeves, Chatterton, Kenig, Miss Dolby, and all the other notabilities of the profession, to whom Mr. Allcroft had added the comic entertainment suited to this season, of an interlude by the Dumbarton Serenaders, who have succeeded the Ethiopians at the Princess's Theatre. Unqualified pleasure was testified by the audience, and Mr. Allcroft's enterprise was crowned with the success it deserved.

LONDON WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—These charming concerts have continued, since our last notice of them, to be regularly held at Exeter Hall, and to attract more and more, as their merits become noised abroad. On Wednesday last, there was a bill of fare which must have gratified the most ardent lover of music by its judicious selection. Commencing with a series of the most favourite airs in "Masaniello," it introduced Thalberg twice, and Vivier, with the French horn, and favourite songs by Horn, Rodwell, Loder, Braham, &c., sung delightfully by Sims Reeves, Whitworth, Rainsford, and Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Miss Stewart, and the Misses Pyne. The list for next Wednesday will be found among our advertisements, and is equally attractive. The prices of admission, too, are adapted for the various means of all classes of the lovers of music.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—Jullien's *Bal Masque*, which took place on Monday last, came off not only with the usual éclat, but with a more than usual success. Groups of flower-girls, danseuses, and gipsies were mingled in picturesque confusion with nuns, Spanish and Italian. Costumed damsels, and numerous grotesque figures, as Indians, Chinese, and Kamtschians, added to the scene of joyousness. The house was most elegantly fitted up, and every part crammed; and we never, on any previous occasion, saw the boxes so respectfully occupied, or the dancing and fun more decorously conducted. Two of the costumes attracted much attention: one was the caricature of the French President, the other of the "Représentant du Peuple," both very clever and well kept up satires on the recent events in France: the actors were French.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—We are enabled to announce that the season of French plays will be commenced on Monday, January 15. An important alteration is intended in the entertainment. Mr. MITCHELL proposes introducing the *opera comique* in addition to the regular entertainment of comedy and vaudeville, for which the present perplexed state of theatrical affairs in Paris has enabled him to form a most efficient company. Several operas, in one act, selected from the old repertoire of the *Opera Comique*, will be given, as well as the most popular modern works of AUBER and others. Amongst the former will be *Le Maître de Chapelle*, music by PAER; *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, BOIELDIEU; *Le Tableau Parlant*, GRETRY; *Le Valet de Chambre*, CARAFÀ; *Richard Cœur de Lion*, GRETRY. And amongst the latter *La Dame Blanche*, in three acts, music by BOIELDIEU; *Le Domino Noir*, AUBER; *Fra Diavolo*, ditto; *L'Ambasadrice*, ditto; *La Fidele Bergère*, ADAM. We may also add, that the most eminent performers are engaged for the orchestra, including TOLBEQUE, BARNET, BAUMANN, LAZARUS, DELOFFRE, PILET, &c.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The sight-seers have a great attraction here, in the new panorama of Pompeii, the interest of which will not be surpassed even by the present popularity of the fine view of Vienna in the room below. The picture of the City of the Dead is taken from a convenient point of view, where the principle objects are grouped, and half an hour spent in its survey will convey to the spectator as accurate a notion of it as if he had visited the very spot. It is painted in the artist's best manner, so that objects stand out more like substances than mere hues. It is a triumph of art.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: offering extraordinary Christmas attractions. Mr. HOUDON, with his inimitable conjuring, and the Dumbarton Serenaders, with their mingled fun and pathos, embodying the spirit of the Negro melody, occupy the stage on alternate nights, and in the round of holiday engagements both should be visited without fail, for both will yield boundless delight to the Christmas folk.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the Christmas holiday sights, the Polytechnic must hold a high place, as combining instruction with amusement. The new gallery permits of the production of optical exhibitions such as were never before attempted, and very wonderful they are. The young folk will grow wild with delight at the Phantasmagoria, the Dissolving Views, and the Chromatrope—at least, we should have done so, years ago, and we suppose boyish nature is the same now as it used to be.

THE CYCLOPAMA.—The proprietors of the Colosseum have opened an exhibition of singular novelty and attraction, under the title of the Cyclopama, or moveable painting. The room is magnificently fitted up in the richest style of interior decoration, with marble pillars, superb frescoes and friezes, and forming one of the most sumptuous interiors in Europe. The exhibition consists of a series of moving views of the City of Lisbon, as seen before and after the terrible earthquake in 1755. The spectator is supposed to be sailing up the Tagus, and to view the scenery on either bank. When he arrives before the Grand Square, a storm begins, and all the phenomena of the earthquake are shown by a series of ingenious dioramic effects, from which he emerges to full day, to witness the ruins of the superb city over we had lately beheld in all its glory. It is one of the most attractive and interesting exhibitions ever opened in the metropolis.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES, &c., AT THE THEATRES.—To detail each of the entertainments provided for the holiday folk by the managers of the various theatres, would occupy more of our space than we could afford to give to productions which do not challenge criticism, and, therefore, are to be described only as occurrences in the theatrical world.

THE PRINCESS'S claims the credit of having the best pantomime of the year, thus maintaining the reputation it has enjoyed for some four or five years past. It is called *Bluff King Hal*, or *Harlequin and the Charmed Arrow*. It abounds in the wonted variety of practical jokes, and clever hits at the events and follies of the time. Its triumphant success is not a little due to the clown, Mr. Flexmore, who has more humour than any we have seen in our day, and we are informed by a very old friend that he is almost equal to Grimaldi.

THE ADELPHI has preferred to dramatise Dickens's *Haunted Man*, with the disadvantage, however, of the poor plot afforded by that uninteresting story. But the absence of incident is compensated by the admirable impersonation of the characters and the *tableaux vivans*, which are very well got up. It is a decided hit, and will amply reward a visit.

THE HAYMARKET has again resorted to burlesque spectacle, the theme being now *Camaralzaman and Badoura*, or *the Peri who Loved the Prince*. Like its predecessors, it is thronged with epigram, happy hits at prevailing fashions and follies, puns without end, parodies on popular songs; Mr. Bland, Miss Julia Bennett, Miss Norton, gorgeous dresses, beautiful scenery, and picturesque effects, making a combination of attractions which will both fill the house for some weeks to come, and reward the liberality of Mr. Webster, the most liberal manager of his day, the most generous and munificent patron of the drama and dramatists.

SADLERS WELLS is flourishing under the fame (for we are speaking from report) of *Harlequin and the World Turned Upside Down*, an appropriate title for the year 1848, and, as we are told, the pantomime is very well done.

PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—A perfectly unique exhibition has been opened at the Egyptian Hall, and which has been abroad visited with unqualified pleasure by great multitudes. It is the production of an American, and one of the most remarkable instances on record of persevering industry, and pursuit of an object under difficulties. It is a canvass more than two miles in length, representing the banks of the great river, down which the visitor is supposed to be descending, and as the canvass is unrolled there is presented to him the most interesting objects on either bank, to which the scene shifts as occasion requires. He is accompanied in this imaginary voyage by the artist, who, in an unassuming manner, as his guide, describes the places, and narrates anecdotes of persons and events with which they are associated. Certainly two hours (for it takes so long to unroll the canvass,) cannot be more usefully and agreeably spent than in this stay-at-home travelling. No one of our readers should fail to take advantage of this unique opportunity for becoming personally acquainted with the most famous river of the new world.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE GREEK BONDSWOMAN'S SONG. VERSIFIED FROM HANS C. ANDERSEN.

An old Stag sat in the low pine wood
On high Olympus' brow;
The pale blue tears, in its eyes that stood,
Proved the heavy tide of woe:
'What would'st thou, that thou weepest thus?'
Said a young Roe bounding by;
'Are those pale blue tears but the sign of fears,
'Or prove they that peril is nigh?'

"The Turk hath come unto our town,"
Quoth the Stag,—"and a mighty pack
'Of wild dogs free, for his sport brings he!"—
Said the Roebuck,—"I'll drive them back!"
'I'll drive them back!"—said the young Roebuck,
'O'er the islands unto the deep sea!"
But ere daylight fled the young Roebuck was dead,
— And the old Stag?—so was he!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

TO LEONORE.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

If in a world to live, it be to have
A world, then have I such a world in thee!
Or might, were I to flatter springing hope,
Which pierce clouds but to a spot of blue
That promiseth the sun in afternoon.
No new world would I seek, might I put out
For that new world, thy love—the world complete!
No venturesome pilot who o'er western sea
Counts stars that burn o'er unknown lands, were I.
Columbus-like but in his daring, I
Would loosen sail to win another prize,
And plough the blue main deep towards that shore
Where I might find sure tokens that my toil
Drew tender smiles of thine. Such were reward,
And happy guerdon welcome as daylight,
For greater dangers than Æneas' scaped,
Or stormy terrors in a northern sea
Midst ribs of ice and sharpest-pointed rocks.
But e'en on sharper rocks, and serried fags
Of the white blinding ice; I would thick place
Flames, that toward heaven should spire as altar lights
To burn in witness of a burning love.
Love, sov'reign of the sov'reign elements,
Which neither ice, nor storm, nor deadliest chance
Could aught than brighten—fan, and not put out.
Believe that greatest love hath greatest doubt.
Passion shall such life live, that it shall have
No life for voice—voice, heart, and all being eyes
More eloquent e'en when most wordless. Oh
Meet love with love! Break those cold fetters which
Are threads in true love's flame. Be bold to show!
If thou hadst love, 'twould speak in spite of thee.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Christmas and New-year's days always compel publishers, booksellers, and authors, to make busy preparations. The present time is by no means an exception to the rule. Never was Paternoster-row so active or Brompton so buoyant. The murky dungeons used for city literary stores, and the pretty cottages which the authors adopt, roll forth the constant hum that attends prosperous and fully-occupied days. Never was the book trade more buoyant or book-making more profitable. Our advertisement pages show how much novelty and originality are in store and in circulation. —The first edition of Mr. Macaulay's history has already been exhausted. The number printed was three thousand, and another edition is now almost ready. There is a rumour prevalent, to which, however, we attach but little credit, that the author has sold his two volumes for ten years, to the Messrs. Longman, for an annuity of 600*l.* for that period. —A contemporary, who is in "the interest," records that eighteen thousand copies of Mr. Dickens' *Haunted Man* were sold on the first day of its publication. —Mrs. Nasmyth, the widow of the late lamented Dentist, whose scientific attainments had raised him not only high in his profession, but to eminence in the literature connected with it, has announced that, among the papers of her husband, he left a completed manuscript on the "Physiology and intimate Structure of the Mouth and Teeth," which it is her intention to publish, by subscription, in an octavo volume, at a very early period. She adds, that in so doing she is actuated first, by the knowledge that after a patient and laborious research, it was a long cherished wish of the deceased; and secondly, by the hope that it will prove advantageous to science generally, and to medical science in particular. —Mr. G. P. R. James, we hear, has in the press a work for juvenile readers, on the subject of early English history, called "John Jones's Tales or the little John Jones's." —It is stated that the late Mr. Miller, the well-known book-collector—and in the spirit of his purchases the legitimate successor of Richard Heber—has bequeathed his noble collection of books to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. Mr. Miller was extremely choice in his copies, and was commonly known at sales and among collectors as *Measure Miller*, from his system of applying to every book he had a fancy for, a foot-rule (which he invariably carried about with him) in order to ascertain whether a so-called fine tall copy really answered not to the eye alone, but had the legitimate number of inches which practice had taught him every book bore when it left the printer.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

LOWRY.—On the 14th ult., at her house, Robert-street, Hampstead-road, at the advanced age of 87, Mrs. Lowry celebrated for her acquirements in the sciences, but more especially mineralogy.
PIPER.—Late, of the firm of Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, publishers, Paternoster-row.
PRICE.—In Breconshire, the Rev. Thomas Price, Vicar of Cwmdud. He was an eminent Welsh Historian.
WILSON.—At Edinburgh, Andrew Wilson, Esq., on the 26th ult. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Genoa, R.S.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,
MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between Dec. 13 and Dec. 29, 1848.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

AGRICULTURE.

Blacklock's Treatise on Sheep. 12th ed. 18mo. 3s. illus.
The Agricultural Class Book. 12mo. 1s. 8d.
The Farmer's Library. With several hundred woodcuts. 2 vols. £1. 15s.

ALMANACS, &c.

The British Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 1s. Also, Companion to the Almanac, 2s. 6d.; with the Almanac, in cloth, 4s.
Unions' and Parish Officers' Sheet Almanac. Plain, 1s. 6d.; varnished, 2s. 3d.; frame and varnished, 7s.
Unions' and Parish Officers' Pocket Almanac and Guide. 4s. cloth; 4s. 6d. roan tuck.

ANNALS.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1849. 4to. 21s.
Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book for 1849. 8vo. 8s.

ART.

Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford. Vol. 2; 2nd edition; imperial 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Mediterranean. Illustrated. Vol. 1. 4to. 24s.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Art of Illumination and Missal Painting. By H. Noel Humphreys. Square 8vo. 21s., decorated binding.
Brand's Popular Antiquities of England, Scotland, and Ireland. By Sir Henry Ellis. Vol. 1. (Vol. 8 of Bohn's Antiquarian Library.) Post 8vo. 5s., cloth.

BIOGRAPHY.

Extracts from the Letter-Book of William Scott, father of the Lords Stowell and Eldon, with Notes on the Family History of the Writer and his contemporaries. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. 3 vols. Medium 8vo., cloth. £5. 15s. 6d. Numerous illustrations.
Plato's Works, translated by the Rev. H. Cary and others. Vol. 1. (Vol. 3 of Bohn's Classical Library.) Post 8vo. 5s., cloth.
Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Olynthiac Orations of Demosthenes, with Notes. 12mo.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mrs. Copley's New Comprehensive Knitting Book. Plates. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Fireside Tales for the Young. By Mrs. Ellis. Vols. 1 & 2. Post 8vo. 5s. per vol.
Thirteen New Scriptural Tales. 8vo., super royal. Illustrated with coloured plates, for young children.
Animals from Noah's Ark for Children. 13 sheets. Foolscap. Plain, tinted, and coloured.
Little Stories about Pretty Little Birds. By the Author of Keeper's Travels. Foolcap. 8vo. 8 plates.
Orphan Captive; or, Christian Endurance. By Miss J. Strickland. Foolcap. 8vo. 8 plates.
Widow and Orphans; or, The Changes of Life. By the Rev. J. Young. Foolcap. 8vo. 8 plates.
Illustrated Juvenile Keepsake. Foolcap. 8vo. 60 engravings.
Tales of Spring Flowers and Summer Blossoms for the Young and Good. Crown 8vo. 10 plates.
The Kings of England: a History for Young Children. Foolcap. 8vo. 3s.

ENGRAVINGS.

Vernon Gallery. Part 1. Elephant 4to. 5s. Monthly.
Gillray's Caricatures. Printed from the original plates. Atlas folio. £8. 8s., half-morocco.

FICTION.

Now and Then. By Samuel Warren, Esq. 8vo. 21s. Third edition.
Doctor Birch and his Young Friends. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. Small 4to. Plain plates, 5s.; coloured, 7s. 6d. 16 illus.
The Forgery; or, Best Intentions. A Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Darnley," "The Gipsey," "The Robber," &c. 3 vols. Post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.
Frank Fairleigh. Part 1. 8vo. 1s. Monthly.

GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Historical and Statistical Account of the Bermudas. By Wm. Frith Williams, Esq., with maps. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.
Austria. By Edwd. P. Thompson, Esq. Post 8vo. 12s.
The Land we Live in: a Pictorial and Literary Sketch Book of the British Empire. 2 vols. £1. Woodcuts and engravings.

HISTORY.

Miller's Philosophy of History. Vol. 2. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Half Hours with the best Authors. By Chas. Knight. 4 vols. £1. Cloth.
Book of English Epithets, Literal and Figurative. By Jas. Jernyn. Impl. 8vo. 9s.
The Beauties of Sir Walter Scott. Post 8vo. 5s.
The Family Economist. Vol. 1. 12mo. 1s. 6d., woodcuts.
Pictures from Revolutionary Paris. By W. P. Simpson, Esq., M. A. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 16s.

MUSIC.

The Singing Master. Cheap edition. 8vo., cl., gilt edges, 6s.
Cock's Musical Almanack. 8vo. 1s.
Schubert's Quadrilles Mazaniello. Folio. 3s.
" " Le Vrai Club des Femmes. Folio. 3s.
" " Les Hussards de France. Folio. 3s.
" " Les Gardes Mobiles. Folio. 3s.
" " Valses Les Enchanteresses. Folio. 3s.
" " Polkas Le Carnaval de Paris. Folio. 3s.
Strauss's Valses Sorgenbrecher. Folio. 3s.
Bohman's Quadrilles Fleur des Pôles. Folio. 3s.
" " La Croix de Bery. Folio. 3s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Century of Orchidaceous Plants. Royal 4to. £5. 5s. 100 coloured plates.
Curtis's Botanical Magazine. By Sir W. J. Hooker, F.R.S. Third series. No. 49. Seven plates, 3s. 6d., coloured.
Dr. Harvey's History of British Sea-Weeds (Phycologia Britannica), coloured Figures and Dissections. Part 37. Six plates, 2s. 6d.; large paper, 5s.
Conchologia Iconica; or, Figures and Descriptions of the Shells of Molluscous Animals. By Lovell Reeve, F.L.S. Demy 4to. Part 70. Coloured plates. 10s.
Conchologia Iconica. Part 10. Six plates, uncoloured. 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Hussey's Illustrations of British Mycology. Coloured drawings. Part 23. Royal 4to. 5s.
Hooker's Journal of Botany and Kew Gardens Miscellany. No. 1. 8vo. 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Night Side of Nature. By Catherine Crowe, author of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," &c. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
Schlegel's Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works. (Vol. 42 of Bohn's Standard Library.) Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

POETRY.

A Sonnet made in Edward the Fourth's time, of the Battle of Hexham, in Northumberland, anno 1414. Post 8vo. 1s.
Harebell Chimes, &c. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.
Works of Cowper. New edit. By Rev. Grimshawe, Impl. 8vo. 15s.
The May Flower. By Mrs. Stowe. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
Thomson's complete Works. New edit. By Nichols. Seven illustrations, by Gilbert. 12mo. 7s.
Thomson's Seasons. Notes by Nichols. Five illustrations, fine paper. 12mo. 5s.
Poems. By Robert Browning. New edit. 2 vols. Fcp. 8vo. 16s.
Dante's Divine Comedy: the Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation. By John A. Carlyle, M.D. Post 8vo. 14s.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. By W. E. Aytoun. Cr. 8vo. 15s.
Cabinet Edition of Shakspeare. By Charles Knight. 12 vols. 18s. sewed; £1 10s. cloth.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Thiers' Rights of Property. 12mo. 2s.
Standard Library Cyclopædia of Political, Constitutional, Statistical, and Forensic Knowledge. Vol. 4 (which completes the work). Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

RELIGION.

Standard Edition of the Pictorial Bible, with Notes. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Woodcuts, steel engravings, and maps. Observations on Church and State. Suggested by The Duke of Argyll's Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland. 8vo. 1s.
The Holy Gospels, with illustrations on wood. By Mr. Chas. Heath. Small folio. Cloth, £1. 11s. 6d.; morocco, £2. 2s.
Large paper, cloth, £2. 10s.; morocco, £3. 3s.
Athenasia. By the Rev. J. H. Hinton. 12mo. 6d.
The Jesuits. By Rev. J. Roper. 2nd edit. 18mo. 6d.
Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. Abridged. By John Kitto, D.D. Part 1. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Instruction on the Festivals and Fasts of the Church. 18mo. 6d.
Hierurgia Anglicana; or, Documents illustrative of the Ritual of the Church in England after the Reformation. 8vo.

SCIENCE.

A Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Steam Navigation, from authentic documents. By Bennet Woodcroft. Fcp. 4to, cloth. 12s. 6d. 25 illustrations.
Rose's Chemical Analysis. New edit. By Dr. Normandy. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 14s.
Normandy's (Dr.) Introduction to Rose's Treatise on Chemical Analysis. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[Persons having either of the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest prices, to THE CRITIC Office, 29 Essex Street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels.
The Works of the Rev. Sidney Smith. 3 vols.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

To Correspondents.

A Believer.—The letter was duly forwarded, and we have heard nothing of it, and know nothing of its contents.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW WORKS.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

1. AUSTEN H. LAYARD, Esq.
2. GEORGE BORROW, Esq.
3. SIR GARDNER WILKINSON.
4. MRS. MERRIFIELD.
5. PETER CUNNINGHAM, Esq.
6. GEORGE GROTE, Esq.
7. ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.
8. GEORGE DENNIS, Esq.
9. REV. H. H. MILMAN.
10. CHARLES ST. JOHN, Esq.
11. HON. ROBERT CURZON, JUN.
12. LORD MAHON.
13. HENRY TAYLOR, Esq.
14. SIR J. F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.
15. JOSEPH MARRYAT, Esq.
16. RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPBELL.
17. SIR A. AND LADY DUFF GORDON.
18. WILLIAM FORSYTH, Esq.
19. THOMAS SHAW, Esq.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

The Numbers correspond with the Authors' Names as above.

1. NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS. With Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.
2. LIFE. 3 vols. post 8vo. (In January.)
3. DALMATIA AND MONTENEGRO. With Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.
4. ORIGINAL TREATISES ON THE ART OF PAINTING. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
5. HANDBOOK FOR LONDON: PAST AND PRESENT. 2 vols. post 8vo. (In February.)
6. HISTORY OF GREECE CONTINUED. Vols. 5 and 6. Maps. 8vo. 16s. each.
7. DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION. 8vo. 12s.
8. CITIES AND CEMETERIES OF ETRURIA. Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.
9. HORACE: CLASSICALLY ILLUSTRATED. With 300 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 42s.
10. SPORTSMAN'S TOUR IN SUTHERLAND. Woodcuts. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. (Next month.)
11. VISITS TO MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. (In January.)
12. HISTORICAL ESSAYS. Post 8vo. 6s.
13. NOTES FROM BOOKS. Post 8vo. 9s.
14. MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY. Post 8vo. (Shortly.)
15. HISTORY OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. With Plates. 8vo. (In February.)
16. LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS. New Edition. Vols. 1 to 3. 8vo. 42s.
17. RANKE'S HISTORY OF PRUSSIA. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.
18. HORTENSIVS, OR THE ADVOCATE. Post 8vo. (In January.)
19. OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Post 8vo. 12s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE.

WARTON'S ERVALENTA, patronised by the nobility and approved by the strongest of certificates, medical, chemical, clerical, &c. Certificate of Dr. Ure's analysis of Warton's Evalenta:—"London, December 2, 1847, 24, Bloomsbury-square.—I have analysed a sample of the finely-ground meal of a leguminous seed, called Warton's Evalenta, and find it to be a pure vegetable product, very nutritious and easily digestible, possessing the character of removing and counteracting habitual constipation, and establishing a regularity in the alvine discharge. The said Evalenta is, in my opinion, a perfectly wholesome dietetic. Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemistry." Reference is made to the twenty-fourth edition of "Warton's Treatise on the Invaluable Properties of the Evalenta, and its great Efficacy in the Cure of Constipation and Indigestion, confirmed by numerous Certificates and Testimonials." To be had of Warton and Co., 9, St. Martin's-place, Charing-cross, London; Youens, 36, Farringdon-street; Payne and Son, 328, Regent-street; Ashley, 72, Piccadilly; Merry, 19, North Audley-street; Graham, 37, Ludgate-hill; Marriot, 74, Gracechurch-street; and through all booksellers. Price 6d.; by post, 1s.

SASSAFRAS CHOCOLATE.

Dr. DE LA MOTTE'S NUTRITIVE HEALTH-RESTORING, AROMATIC CHOCOLATE, prepared from the Nuts of the Sassafras Tree, and sold by the Patentee, 12, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

This Chocolate contains the peculiar virtues of the Sassafras Root, which has been long held in great estimation for its purifying and alterative properties. The aromatic quality (which is very grateful to the stomach) most invalids require for breakfast and evening repast, to promote digestion and to a deficiency of this property in the customary breakfast and supper, may in a great measure be attributed the frequency of cases of indigestion generally termed bilious. It has been found highly beneficial in correcting the state of the digestive organs, &c. from whence arise many diseases, such as eruptions of the skin, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In cases of debility of the stomach, and a sluggish state of the liver and intestines, occasioning flatulence, costiveness, &c. and in spasmodic asthma, it is much recommended.

THE GRECIAN WAISTCOAT.

registered April 5th, 1846, 6 & 7 Vict. c. 65.—This most novel and elegant garment to be had only of the inventor,

W. WETHERED,

2, Conduit-street, two doors from Regent-street.

MORISON'S PILLS.—The British

College of Health and Society of Hygeists have no connexion whatever with any Pill or Medicine except Mr. Morison the Hygeist's.

Dated at the British College of Health, New Road, London, this 10th day of October, 1848.

NOTICE.—These Lozenges do not contain any preparation of Opium, or of any Anodyne which can injure the constitution.

Under Patronage of Royalty, and the Authority of the Faculty.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS' experience has fully confirmed the superior reputation of these Lozenges, in the cure of Asthma, Winter Cough, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, and other Pulmonary Maladies. They have deservedly obtained the high patronage of their Majesties the King of Prussia, and the King of Hanover; very many also of the Nobility and Clergy, and of the Public generally, use them, under the recommendation of some of the most eminent of the Faculty. They have immediate influence over the following cases:—Asthmatic and Consumptive Complaints, Coughs, Shortness of Breath, Hoarseness, &c. &c.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 11d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London.

Sold Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders in the Kingdom.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

Copy of a Letter from "COLONEL HAWKER," (the well-known Author on "Guns and Shooting.") "Long-parish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846. Sir,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

HAWKER.

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE,

AND PLATE GLASS FACTORY,

24,—PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON,—24.

RICHARD A. C. LOADER.

RESPECTFULLY solicits all parties

about to furnish and requiring Furniture, to inspect his Stock, which will be found to consist of the Newest Designs of Furniture, of the best-seasoned materials, at the lowest possible prices.

	£	s.	d.
SPANISH MAHOGANY EASY CHAIRS in real Morocco Leather, stuffed all hair, and spring seats, with continuation mahogany mouldings to the backs, on patent castors	2	12	0
MAHOGANY SWEEP BACK CHAIRS, with Trafalgar seats, stuffed with all best horse hair, in hair seating, carved and splat polished	0	14	6
SETS OF SIX AND TWO ELBOW MAHOGANY ROLL-OVER TOP TRAFALGAR CHAIRS in hair seating	5	5	0
SOLID ROSEWOOD CARRIAGE DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS, all hair stuffing	0	18	0
ROSEWOOD COUCH to match, with Cabriolet front, spring stuffed	4	17	6
SOLID ROSEWOOD CHAIRS, stuffed and covered in Damask	0	13	6
ROSEWOOD COUCH to match	4	0	0
MAHOGANY COUCH, in hair cloth	3	13	6
Ditto, all best hair, and fine Spanish Mahogany	6	6	0
Four-foot solid Mahogany Loo Table, French Polished	2	12	0
FOUR-FOOT FINE MAHOGANY LOO TABLE, with Star Top (very elegant)	4	14	6
FIVE-FOOT LATH or SACKING BOTTOM FOUR-POST BEDSTEAD, with eight-foot Mahogany Pillars and Cornices, or Poles	4	14	6
Ditto, very superior	5	15	6
FOUR-POST MAHOGANY BEDSTEAD, without Cornices	2	12	6
JAPANNED FRENCH BEDSTEADS, all sizes and colours	1	3	6
Superior ditto	1	9	0
MAHOGANY HALF-TESTER BEDSTEAD, with Cornices	3	10	0
CHIMNEY GLASSES in Gilt Frames	2	2s.	to 10 6
DRESSING GLASSES, in good Mahogany Frames	1	12	6
MATTRESSES and BEDDING to suit all Customers.			

OBSERVE.—RICHARD A. C. LOADER,

24, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

The gaiety that reigns supreme at the social reunions of this period of the year, induces the fair and youthful to be more than usually desirous of shining in personal attraction, while the rich, luxuriant tress, the clear and transparent complexion, and the pearly set of teeth form admirable trophies of the inestimable virtues of ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, and ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice.

The Patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, and their general use by the Aristocracy and the elite of Fashion, together with the confirmation by experience of the infallible efficacy of these creative and renovating Specifics, have characterised them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled.

As presents for both sexes, none can be more recommended or more now in general use.

Beware of spurious imitations. Some are offered under the implied sanction of Royalty, and the Government Departments, and similar attempts at deception. The only GENUINE of each bears the Name of "ROWLANDS" preceding that of the Article on the Wrapper or Label, with their signature at the foot, in Red Ink, thus—

A. ROWLAND & SONS.

Sold by them at 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by every respectable Chemist and Perfumer throughout the Kingdom.

JOSEPH LOADER,

FURNITURE AND LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTURER.

23, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.

THE extensive celebrity of Joseph

Loader's Establishment for twenty-five years, for all articles appertaining to the upholstering business, affords a certain guarantee to all purchasers from his stock, that whatever they may select will be of the most approved fashion, and best workmanship, moderately charged.

A tasteful assortment, suitable to the decoration of the Dining, Drawing-room, Library, and Boudoir, is uniformly kept, comprising Chairs, Tables, Pier and Chimney Glasses, Cheffoniers, Drawers, Wardrobes, Carpets, Mattresses, and Bedding, at regularly fixed prices, corresponding with the wants or elegancies of household economy. Also, Self-Acting Reclining Chairs and Couches, suitable for the ease and comfort of an invalid, offered on terms which none can successfully compete with.

Descriptive catalogues may be obtained on application by any party who may be desirous to make special contract for any requisites for the commencement or completion of housekeeping, coupled with suggestions essential to insure comfort and respectability.

JOSEPH LOADER'S Portable Bedstead, which forms an Ottoman Settee, Easy Chair, and Bedstead, with three cushions, stuffed in printed cotton, on brass socket castors, 24, 10s. to 44, 10s.; and the celebrated Rutland Easy Chair, of fine Spanish Mahogany or Rosewood, stuffed with strong horse-hair, and spiral-springs, in real Morocco leather, 54, to 64.; and Minter's Patent Reclining Chair, with leg-rester, in Morocco-leather, at nearly one-half the price as charged by the patentees, whose right of patent has expired.

J. L. also calls particular attention to his Patent Air-tight Bedsteads, carpeted and polished, at 14, 9s. and 14, 15s., equal to the most expensive commodious, as well as the Patent Pedestal Washstands, marble top and fittings complete, particularly adapted for the office, surgery, or cabin.

	£	s.	d.
Solid rosewood chairs, French polished, each	0	15	0
Sets of eight mahogany ditto	4	4	0
Sets of eight mahogany Trafalgar	4	16	0
Gondola easy chairs (in leather)	1	8	0
Langham easy chairs, spring stuffed	1	1	0
Reclining chairs, in leather, spring stuffed	2	0	0
Patent reclining chairs, with leg-rest, stuffed all hair, in morocco leather, on patent castors	6	0	0
Mahogany lounging chairs, carved throughout, spring stuffed, in morocco, on patent castors	3	4	0
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2	15	0
Mahogany loo-tables, French polished	2	11	0
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3	10	0
Rosewood cheffoniers, with carved backs and marble tops, 3 ft. carved	3	5	0
4 ft. carved mahogany side-board, with drawers and four doors, ellarets, and trays complete, French polished	4	12	0
Mahogany dining-tables, with sliding frames, loose leaves and castors	3	12	6
Mahogany bedsteads, with cornices or poles, scabbling or lath bottoms, polished	4	0	0
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double screwed, and bracketed round	6	6	0
3 ft. 6 in. elliptic washstands, marble tops	2	12	6
Dressing tables, en suite	2	5	0
Winged wardrobe with drawers in centres	8	10	0
3 ft. mahogany or japanned chest of drawers	1	5	0
Chamber chairs, with cane or willow seats	0	3	0
Chimney glasses, in gilt frames 30 by 18 to 40 by 24 inches	2	1	0
Alva or wool mattress, 4 feet 6 inches	0	16	6
* Shipping and country orders promptly executed, and the customary allowances made in all wholesale transactions.			

JOSEPH LOADER'S Establishment, 23, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, London, to whom it is requested—as a favour—that all letters may be addressed in full.

New Works by Popular Authors,

PUBLISHED BY

MR. T. C. NEWBY,

72, MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

In Three Volumes, 12. 11s. 6d.,

THE FORGERY; OR, BEST INTENTIONS. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Darnley," "Henry Masterton," "The Gypsy," "The Robber," "The Smuggler."
"The Forgery, the last of Mr. James's novels, will not be merely regarded as amongst the best, but the very best in which his genius and his skill as an author have been employed. A more truth-seeming and thrilling tale we have never read."—*Morning Herald*.

"One of Mr. James's happiest productions."—*Critic*.

In Three Volumes,

LADY GRANARD'S NIECES.

"It will not fail to interest."—*Jerrold's Paper*.

"Written with a genial and hearty warmth—evinced a keen and clear knowledge of the gentler phases of the female heart."—*Morning Chronicle*.

In Three Volumes, price 12. 11s. 6d.,

PERCY; OR, THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

By the Author of "The Hen-pecked Husband."

"One of the most meritorious fictions of the season."—*Standard of Freedom*.

"To call it clever is too poor a term."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

In Three Volumes,

JEALOUSY,

By the Author of "Five Years in the East," "Recollections of Rugby."

"A domestic novel, very happily conceived, and very cleverly worked out. It conveys a moral lesson to the mind, and one which will leave an impression there not soon to be effaced."—*Era*.

In Three Volumes,

AFFECTION: ITS FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

"It has novelty, descriptive power, and unflagging amusement."—*New Monthly*.

"If any novel can do good by placing before us paintings of exemplary character, showing us the good consequences of affection, tempered by humanity and reason, the work under notice must do so."—*Observer*.

In Three Volumes,

ALINE; AN OLD FRIEND'S STORY.

By the Author of "The Gambler's Wife."

"We can recommend this novel to our readers as one which they may peruse with pleasure and profit. Its interest never flags."—*Critic*.

SECOND EDITION.

In Three Volumes, post 8vo.,

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.

By ACTON BELL, Esq.

"As pure a specimen of domestic life in this country as 'Jane Eyre;' as vivid and as telling in its portraiture of character as 'Wuthering Heights.'"—*Morning Herald*.

In Three Volumes, post 8vo.,

MY SISTER MINNIE. A NOVEL.

By the Author of the "Poor Cousin," "Jeremiah Parkes," &c.

"The whole story is written with great sentiment and elegance."—*Spectator*.

"It displays good taste and excellent feeling."—*Atlas*.

SECOND EDITION.

In Two Volumes, post 8vo., with Map, 30s.,

ANALOGIES AND CONTRASTS; OR, FRANCE AND ENGLAND,

By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c.

"The sketches of parties and politicians is a paper attractive for its subject, dealing with the circumstances that conducted to the late Revolution, and the characters of the men who influenced it."—*Spectator*.

"The author has not sent forth a work more likely to hit the public taste and inform the public mind."—*Weekly Times*.

NOW READY,

In One Volume, 8vo., price 12s., with 14 splendid Plates,

SIX WEEKS IN CORSICA.

By WILLIAM COWEN, Esq.,

Dedicated by permission to Earl Fitzwilliam.

"The author has amassed together a vast quantity of information upon the political history and national productions of Corsica, as well as the national habits and customs of the people. In every respect the book is valuable and interesting."—*Morning Herald*.

In One Volume, with Map, price 10s. 6d.,

PANSLAVISM AND GERMANISM,

By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI.

"This volume we commend to the perusal of all who wish to understand the nature of the forces now travelling for the organization of Eastern Central Europe."—*Atlas*.

"Will greatly aid the annotator of public history."—*Critic*.

A SECOND EDITION OF

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE,

By CATHERINE CROWE, Author of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," &c.

"No one can rise from its perusal without feeling a better and a wiser man."—*Observer*.

"Impossible to open at any page and not go on reading it."—*Morning Herald*.

WORKS AND VOLUMES

ADAPTED FOR PRESENTS.

HALF-HOURS with the BEST

AUTHORS. Selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices. By CHARLES KNIGHT.

In Four Volumes, price One Pound, in elegant cloth. Printed in a bold type, in crown 8vo., so as to produce the most legible series of portable books existing.

The Four Volumes of "Half-Hours with the Best Authors" are illustrated with 16 Portraits, Engraved on Steel, of Great European Writers.

In 2 Vols., small folio, price One Pound, in elegant cloth,

THE LAND WE LIVE IN: a

Pictorial and Literary Sketch-Book of the British Empire. Profusely illustrated with Woodcuts, drawn and engraved expressly for this Work, by the most eminent Artists, and with Splendid Line Engravings on Steel.

THE CABINET EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. In 12 Volumes, price 18s. sewed; and 30s. elegant cloth, viz.:

INTRODUCTORY VOLUME.

THE POEMS AND LIFE, 1 vol.

PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, 10 vols.

In Four Splendid Volumes, in elegant cloth, price Three Pounds,

THE STANDARD EDITION OF

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE; with

ORIGINAL NOTES by JOHN KITTO, D.D. F.S.A. And illustrated with many Hundred Woodcuts, Steel Engravings, and Maps.

* This entirely new edition, one of the most popular Family Bibles ever produced, has been brought out at a great expense, the voluminous Notes having been entirely rewritten or revised, so as to embrace the immense increase in our stores of Biblical information.

In Two Volumes, super-royal 8vo., in elegant cloth, price £1. 16s.

THE FARMER'S LIBRARY.

Illustrated with several Hundred Woodcuts.

This important and original Work is devoted to that class of subjects which is peculiarly interesting to every country resident, and is essentially the foundation of scientific Farming—the ANIMAL ECONOMY. It consists of the following BOOKS:—

1. THE OX. By W. C. L. MARTIN, late one of the Scientific Officers of the Zoological Society of London.
2. THE HORSE. By WILLIAM YOULT. From the last improved edition—the Copyright of the Publisher. With a TREATISE ON DRAUGHT.
3. SHEEP. By W. C. L. MARTIN.
4. THE DOG. By WILLIAM YOULT.
5. SWINE. By W. C. L. MARTIN.
6. POULTRY. By W. C. L. MARTIN.
7. BEES. By JOHN SAUNDERS.

These Treatises aim at uniting the scientific and amusing parts of Zoology with practical directions for management, and such details of ANIMAL STRUCTURE and of VETERINARY KNOWLEDGE as may be really useful instead of merely empirical.

Almanacs and Year-Books for 1849.

THE BRITISH ALMANAC of the SOCIETY for the DIFFUSION of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE; containing the usual Information, corrected up to November 1. Price 1s., sewed in wrapper.

Also, the

COMPANION to the ALMANAC.

Price Half-a-Crown, sewed; or bound in cloth, with the BRITISH ALMANAC, 4s.

CONTENTS.

PART II.—Short Supplementary Remarks on the first Six Books of Euclid's Elements—Ordnance Surveys; Metropolitan Sanitary Survey—The Cholera—Farm Produce of Ireland in 1847—On the Progress of Organic Chemistry—Relative Progress of the Population and of Industrial Wealth—On the Variola Ovis—Railways of Great Britain—Emigration to the British Colonies—Fluctuation of the Funds—European and other Powers, 1847.

PART II.—Abstracts of Acts—Abstracts of Public Documents—Chronicle of Session—Private Bills—Public Petitions—Public Improvements; with Woodcut Illustrations of New Buildings—Chronicle of Occurrences—Bankruptcy Analysis—Neurology of 1848.

The UNIONS' and PARISH OFFICERS' SHEET ALMANAC. Price, Plain, 1s. 6d.; Varnished, 2s. 3d.; in Frame and Varnished, 7s.

Price 4s. cloth, or 4s. 6d. roan tuck,

The UNIONS' and PARISH OFFICERS' POCKET ALMANAC and GUIDE, greatly extended.

London: CHARLES KNIGHT, Fleet Street; And sold by all Booksellers in London and Country.

LONDON:—Printed and Published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 103, Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent, in the City of Middlesex, at the Office, 29, Essex Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, on Monday, the 1st day of January, 1849.

